ALL THE NEWS IN The Herald FIRST

THE PORTSMOUTH HERALD.

The Herald A PAPER FOR THE PEOPLE

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CANNON BEATEN

Speaker Of The House Loses For Once

"UNCLE JOE" TASTES DEFEAT IN CONGRESS

Appropriation For Forest Reserve Surveys Is Approved

SUM OF TWENTY-FIVE THOUSAND DOLLARS AVAILABLE

"Uncle Joe" Cannon has for once been beaten. The autocratic speaker of the national House of Representatives failed to entirely block the White Mountain and Appalachian forest reserve appropriations, despite his strenuous efforts to do so.

The action of the Senate in appropriating $25,000 for a survey of the two reserves did not please Mr. Cannon and the concurrence of the House on Saturday was even less pleasing to him.

Representatives Overstreet and Payne and the Speaker agreed on an amendment providing that the $25,000 should be devoted to surveys of all water sheds and streams throughout the country. It was thought that this would defeat the whole proposition.

Representative Sullivan, opposing the Overstreet amendment, said that he was ordinarily opposed to the federal government spending money for such a purpose as this in a state. "But in this case," he said, "the situation is unique. The Connecticut River rises in the White Mountains, but the river is not navigable in New Hampshire. It is, however, navigable in Massachusetts and Connecticut. If the source of water supply is diminished in New Hampshire, it would impair, or might destroy the navigability of the river in the two other states. This is purely an interstate question and the federal government has full jurisdiction."

Other speeches against the Overstreet amendment were made by Representatives McCall and McNary of Massachusetts, and Representative Currier of New Hampshire. The amendment was defeated, ayes seventy-one, noes 121.

The Senate amendment was then carried by a vote of 134 to 115, and the appropriation for the survey was saved.

Spring will begin on March 20.

KITTERY LETTER

Newsy Items From Across The River

YACHT CLUB RECEIVES OFFER OF HOME

New Store Of Frisbee Brothers Nearly Completed

GOSSIP OF A DAY COLLECTED BY OUR CORRESPONDENT

Kittery, March 4.

The Kittery Yacht Club has received an offer of the use of the Fendell house at The Intervene for a club house at a rent of $400 annually. The house is a fine large one and is now owned by the Wendells of New York, it having been unoccupied for several years.

The location is excellent. There is a fine pier and the anchorage is deep and even more sheltered than the proposed location at Bailey's Point.

It has been decided to extend the limit of time for registry of charter members from March 15 to April 15, as others have signified their intention of joining later.

The club members will give an oyster supper at Grange Hall this evening and a large attendance and an enjoyable evening are anticipated.

Schools, with the exception of Traip Academy, will close on Friday for a vacation of three weeks.

The exhibit of written work of the different schools will be held at the Mitchell School during this week. Parents and friends are invited to call during school hours and inspect the work done by the pupils.

There will be a meeting of the Equal Suffrage Association this evening in the Second Methodist Church at 7.45. Mrs. Fanny Fernald of Old Orchard will be present and address the meeting.

Ray Robbins of Boston passed Sunday with Mr. and Mrs. Frank Robbins of Rogers road.

The regular meeting of the Odd Fellows will be held this evening in Wentworth Hall.

Kittery Point

Nearly all the work has been finished on the new store of Frisbee Brothers and it will very soon be ready for occupancy. The store far exceeds anything of the kind in town and its interior equipment rivals that of any store in Portsmouth.

The elaborate finish would be by no means out of place in a drug store. The steel ceiling is tastefully finished in quiet hues and the wall finish is of Georgia pine, natural color. A heavy, ornate molding runs entirely around the main room and the shelves are substantial and handsome.

On the ground floor are the large, airy main room, a store room and office. The top stories contain a roomy tenement.

The building is fully equipped with steam heat and has all the latest sanitary improvements.

On the exterior, the building has a very imposing appearance and is a credit to the town as well as to Frank E. Donnell, the builder.

The gasoline boats of Arthur Hutchins, Wallace Hutchins and Charles Higgins, which have been frozen in at the mouth of Chauncey's Creek, were released on Sunday by the efforts of their owners and the partial breaking up of the ice.

Capt. Horace M. Seaward, who has been passing a month with his family here, left today to join his schooner, the Annie F. Conlon, which is to undergo repairs at Portland. The Conlon has been there for some time, but has been unable to reach the railway on account of ice.

J. Edward Richardson of Dover was a visitor in town on Saturday.

All agree that Sunday was a splendid day.

THE WEATHER FOR TOMORROW

(Special to The Herald)

Washington, March 4—Fair and probably warmer weather is indicated for Tuesday, with fresh west to northwest winds.

Don't fail to see the great musical comedy "Piff, Paff, Pouf" at Music Hall this evening.

IS NOT WEALTHY

At Least, According To Modern Standards

SUCH STATEMENT REGARDING MRS. EDDY

Gen. Streeter Issues A Document For The Public

THE BILL IN EQUITY WAS VERY CLEVERLY FRAMED

All New Hampshire, and all New England, for that matter is talking of the sensational legal proceedings instituted by George W. Glover, son of Mrs. Mary Baker Glover Eddy, the founder of the Christian Science faith. The action of Mr. Glover had much the effect of the explosion of a bombshell in the ranks of Mrs. Eddy's corps of managers and assistants.

In Concord, where Mrs. Eddy lives, the general opinion seems to be that the claim that Mrs. Eddy is physically and mentally unfit to transact business cannot be substantiated. While it is admitted that Mrs. Eddy is probably no more vigorous physically than the average woman of eighty-six, it is asserted that her mental powers have suffered no diminution. It is stated that she still goes driving every day and those who have seen her believe that she has many years of life.

John W. Kelley, Junior Counsel for the Plaintiffs.

Mrs. Eddy's personal attorneys are Gen. Frank S. Streeter and Allan Hollis of Concord. The former is quoted as saying that those responsible for the filing of the bill in equity in the Merrimac county superior court will soon regret their action.

Very recently, Mrs. Eddy settled the sum of $100,000 upon her son, naming Gen. Streeter, Rev. Irving C. Tomlinson of Concord and Alfred Farlow of Boston as trustees. Mr. Tomlinson started for Washington Friday night to meet Mr. Glover and deliver to him the necessary papers, but in Boston he heard of the move made by Mr. Glover and ended his journey there. It is reported that a representative of Mrs. Eddy visited her son at his home in Deadwood, S. D., several weeks ago and secured from him all the letters written to him by his mother.

It is believed that Mrs. Eddy made a will a number of years ago, but what disposition is made of her property in this document is not known. The supposition is that all her near relatives are remembered, but that the Christian Science Church is the chief beneficiary.

Alfred Farlow called at the Eddy home on Saturday, but remained only about half an hour. Mrs. Eddy's secretary, Calvin A. Fry, and her assistant secretary, Lewis C. Strong, refused absolutely to talk with newspaper men.

It has been suggested that the case may be settled out of court. The bill in equity is a very cleverly framed document and to answer its allegations might be embarassing. It was hinted on Saturday that the court might be asked to dismiss the case an the ground that Mrs. Eddy was perfectly competent to care for her own affairs. It occurred to the defendants later that such a demand would very likely lead to a counter one for a commission to determine Mrs. Eddy's competency and for this reason the first demand will, it is stated, probably not be made.

If all the allegations are actually answered in court, a complete investigation of the finances of the Christian Science Church will almost certainly be required. It is openly hinted in Concord that the defendants will do all they can to keep the case out of the courts.

Mr. Farlow, when seen by a reporter in Boston, stated that Mrs. Eddy manages her own affairs. He professed inability to estimate the size of Mrs. Eddy's fortune, but he felt safe in saying that she is not a millionaire. Her only income, he said, is from the sale of her books, her classes, and the interest on her investments, which, he added, are modest ones. What arrangements she has with her publishers he could not say. From Christian Science periodicals, she has no income, the profits from these enterprises having been donated by her to the church.

Mr. Farlow further stated that he notring of Mrs. Eddy's will, or of her financial dealings and that she has no financial agent or adviser, co far as he knows. He stated emphatically that he did not believe her to be dominated by any person or persons in Concord or elsewhere.

The plaintiffs in the case and their attorneys tave up to this time said very little and, aside from Mr. Farlow, the defendants have made their public statements indirectly.

Interviewed by a representative of The Herald, Mr. Kelley said: "I have no disposition to talk on the case, there is really nothing that can be said, the papers speak for themselves and contain the whole story."

In a statement, Gen. Streeter hints that Mr. Glover has been made the tool of people who "in a markedly unusual manner and by unique methods are undertaking, under the guise of court proceedings to continue the persecution begun some time ago."

He continues by saying that Mrs.

(Continued on fifth page).

IN NICK OF TIME

Eliot Family Escaped From Burning House

BUILDING AND ITS CONTENTS A TOTAL LOSS

Driven from their home by fire, Charles Jones of Eliot and the members of his family barely escaped with their lives early this (Monday) morning.

The aged mother of Mr. Jones, who lives with him, awoke about five o'clock and immediately became conscious of a sensation of suffocation. She hastily aroused her son, telling him that she believed that the house was on fire. Investigation speedily proved that she was right and Mr. Jones awakened his wife and their three children.

The flames had made rapid progress and it was only too plain to Mr. Jones that if he and his family were to escape from the burning building they must leave at once.

There was barely time for them to throw quilts and blankets about them and absolutely no time for them to stop to dress.

Neighbors gave all the aid possible and provided shelter for those so suddenly rendered homeless. To save the building was impossible and those who sought to enter the house to save a portion of the furniture were driven back by the flames.

The house, with its contents, was totally destroyed. The building was the property of Owen Shapleigh and was valued at about $1,200 and was insured. It was an old house and as dry as tinder, burning so rapidly that it was reduced to ashes in a very short time. The furniture owned by Mr. Jones was worth about $1,000 and there was no insurance.

It is believed that the fire started about the chimney. When discovered the flames were fiercest in a disused fireplace back of the kitchen stove.

At Music Hall this evening! "Piff, Paff, Pouf"

CHOICE FURS

FOR A FEW DAYS AT WHOLESALE PRICES TO SAVE THE EXPENSE OF PACKING. They offer good values and will save you several dollars on each purchase.

Geo. B. French Co

One Flat Neck Throw, satin lined, 54 inches long, of select Brook Mink Fur, it is worth $5.75, will sell for....

3.98

Two Flat Satin Lined Scarfs, 48 inches long, also of finest Brook Mink, regular value is $6.00, for this sale.....

4.25

Two Neck Scarfs, 48 inches long, of Isabella Fox with heavy tails, the regular selling price $5.00, for... .....

3.98

One Extra Fine Grey Squirrel Neck Throw, fancy satin lining, a regular $8.75 article, in this sale at.....

5.50

One Blended Squirrel Throw Scarf with heavy brocade satin lining, a special selection, worth $10.00, for.....

7.50

Three Brown Oppossum Scarfs, extra long and fine, full 72 inch length, three tail ends, these are worth $15.00, now..... .....

10.00

One Brown Marten Scarf, 60 inches long, selected fur, fine color, a good saving of $5.00, worth $25.00, for.....

20.00

One Mink Scarf, extra choice fur, and among the most durable and fashionable, only one, worth $15.00, for..

10.00

One Brown Opposum Scarf, extra length of two yards, this is heavily lined with satin and regularly sells for $17.50, now.....

12.00

One Isabella Fox Scarf, 1 1-2 yards long, fine quality and color, usually $12.75, marked down to.....

8.98

A FEW MUFFS INCLUDED IN THE SALE.

One Muff of Sable Fox, worth $12.50, now.....10.00

One Beaver Muff, extra fine fur, worth $25.00, for 20.00

One Blended Squirrel Muff, worth $12.00, for.....8.98

Misses' Fur Sets for .....5.00 and 8.75 Per Set

Furniture at 2-3 Regular Price

IRON BEDS.

1 Lot Iron Beds, extra strong, perfect fitting side rails, all sizes, regular price $3.75 each $2 75

1 Lot Iron Beds, handsomely brass trimmed, tea ball chills, regular price $5.00 each . . $3.75

DINNER SETS.

56 Piece Dinner Sets, genuine English make, decorated in green or blue, decoration under glaze, per set $3.95

112 Piece Dinner Sets, colors blue, green or brown $8.75

112 Piece Semi-Porcelain Dinner Set, pure white with gold trimmings, regular price $17.00 . . . . . $11.95

112 Piece Devonshire Ware Dinner Set, flow blue with gold mountings, regular price $18.50, only $12.75

180 Piece Genuine Haviland China Sets, price $40.00 . $32.50

CARPET DEPARTMENT.

Best All Wool Carpets, 6 to 12 yard lengths, regular price 85c per yard 49c

28 Rolls Extra Quality Tapestry Carpet, regular price per yard $1.00 . . . . . 79c

34 Rolls Extra Super All Wool Carpet, regular price per yard 85c 68c

31 Rolls Rich Velvet Carpet, regular price $1.25 per yard . 92c

Good Quality Oil Cloth, regular price per yard 40c 29c

All Regular 75c and 85c Linoleums for this sale per yard . 68c

BRASS BEDS.

1 All Brass Bed, 1¼" posts, handsome design, regular price $19.00 . . . . . $15.75

1 All Brass Bed, extra strong, regular price $25.00 . . . . $19.75

1 All Brass Bed, 2" continuous post, regular price $42.00 . $32.00

CRAWFORD RANGES.

Complete Assortment Famous Crawford Ranges from . . . $25.00 to $42.00

☞ Remember the quality of these goods never reduced, no matter how low the price.

MISCELLANEOUS.

1 Dozen Rattan Rockers, worth $3.00 each $1.75

1 Dozen Rattan Reception Chairs, regular price $5.50 . $3.75

1 Large Rattan Gentleman's Rocker, regular price $6.00 . $3.75

Rattan Wood Baskets, green or shellac, regular price $2 25 . $1.48

Rattan Center Tables, large size . . . . . $3.50 and $4.25

Rattan Tea Tables $4.75

Cobbler Seat Hard Wood Rocker, regular price $2.50 each . $1.98

1 Lot Handsome Framed Pictures, each 38c

1 Lot Handsome Framed Pictures, each 98c

Drop Side Iron Bed Couches, complete, with good Mattrees and Pillows, makes full size bed when open $6.50

Folding Go-Carts, regular price $2.50, for $1.79

The Portsmouth Furniture Co.,

Cor. Vaughan and Deer Streets.

RECEIVE ODD GIFTS

INTERESTING PRESENTS MADE TO RULERS AND OTHERS.

Pretty Compliment Was That Paid to President Fallieres by His Fellow-Townsmen—Curious Custom Among Indians.

A very pretty compliment was paid by his fellow townsmen to President Fallieres of France upon the occasion of his visit to his birthplace, the little town of Mezin. To widen the street the house in which the President was born had been pulled down some years ago. What was to be done? The people of Mezin put their heads together and when their distinguished fellow citizen arrived, imagine his delight at finding an exact reproduction of his old home in papier mache! All was perfect, down to the very furniture, part of which had been collected from the country around and part reproduced in facsimile. The president thanked his friends in a voice broken with emotion, and tears actually streamed down his cheeks as he finished his little speech.

The late French president, M. Loubet, was once the recipient of an interesting present. It consisted of an immense album filled with thousands of press cuttings relating to his visits to Italy and to England. The album, which is of enormous size and richly bound, contains not only cuttings, but photographs and illustrations of all kinds. It forms, indeed, a complete chronicle of his life written by many different people, and in more than a dozen different languages.

In India the native rajahs consider it the highest possible compliment to be presented with fine specimens of wild beasts, and consequently both King Edward and the prince of Wales has been the recipient of many gifts of this description. But when, one fine day, two splendid tigers arrived unexpectedly at Sandringham, King Edward was driven to remonstrate. "I have accommodation," he said, "for horses, dogs, cows, cats, mice, and even rats, but I must draw the line at tigers."

An odd gift was received by the crown prince of Germany upon his coming of age. A deputation of butchers attended, bearing an enormous and magnificent steak, upon the surface of which was worked in suet their greetings to the future monarch.

The late Prince Bismarck once received from some miners in Westphalia a bust of himself carved in coal, and it is said that this odd present was always carefully preserved by him and looked upon somewhat in the light of a luck bringer.

A complaint which had serious results was paid to an actor named Hanson at a little mining town in British Columbia. The audience was so stirred by Mr. Hanson's acting that some persons began throwing presents upon the stage, like spectators at a Spanish bullfight. One burly miner, having nothing else handy, hurled a lump of gold ore. Unluckily it hit the actor on the head and knocked him down. He was badly injured, and it was weeks before he was able to play again.

Perhaps the oddest idea of paying a compliment belongs to a tribe of Indians on the Alaskan coast. When a chief wishes to do honor to a distinguished visitor he invites him to a "potlatch," or feast. Then when all have eaten their fill the chief goes to the edge of the cliff and solemnly casts into the sea as many of his possessions as he thinks he can afford. This is held to be the highest form of compliment and much superior to merely giving presents to the guest.

Camphor from Florida.

The latest industrial possibility discovered in Florida's varied semi-tropical vegetation is the commercial production of camphor. The camphor tree has been grown in many parts of Florida as a foliage plant and curiosity, but it remained for the department of agriculture experts to realize the commercial possibilities of this exotic plant.

During the last year a number of trees in different parts of the state were placed at the disposal of the department's investigators, and from these 30 pounds of camphor gum was produced. This, upon refining, proved to be in every way a perfectly satisfactory substitute for the original article.

It is declared by the department's plant experts that the camphor tree can be grown to advantage in many parts of Florida which have been abandoned for orange culture, owing to the danger incident to occasional visitations of frost.

Immediate Concerns.

"So you have dismissed your fortune teller?"

"Yes," answered the czar.

"Have you ceased to worry about the future?"

"I'm so busy dodging the present that I don't have time to think about the future."

A Word of Approval.

"Do you think your congressman does $5,000 worth of work every year?"

"That ain't the point,' answered Farmer Corntossel. "We're grateful to him for not costing us $50,000 or so in mistakes.'

A Sufficiency.

"So you are not interested in Polar exploration."

"No,' answered Mr. Sirius Barker, "I can see enough fuel problems staring us in the face right here at home without annexing any more."

Garments Made of Paper.

Sufficient attention has been directed toward the warmth generated in the body by paper vests to demonstrate the fact that there is reason for serious consideration of paper garment manufacture. There have been for some time past vests made of paper, also cuffs, collars, shirt bosoms, etc., but it has remained for a firm in Saxony to spin narrow strips of paper and cotton into finished fabrics of common use. Paper and cotton and paper and woolen are so combined that serviceable outing suits, jackets, skirts and many other articles of dress wear are now being produced. The new textile, if so it may be called, is cream colored, and may be washed repeatedly without injuring the surface, and is marketed for a ridiculously small price. Sufficient xylolin, as it is called, to produce a complete plain suit costs but two or three dollars. Doubtless a means will soon be found by which the finer fabrics may be reproduced through the use of paper, to which end numerous inventors are now at work.—Dry Goods.

Way-Bill Told Truth.

A scientific gentleman in Washington recently returned from South America, bringing with him, not as the fruits of his labors, but merely for the purpose of science, a collection of Patagonian skulls.

At New York the customs officers opened the chest containing the skulls, duly inspected them and informed the scientist that the consignment must be classed as animal bones, and as dutiable at so much per pound. Whereupon the scientific gentleman evinced great indignation. After some parley the customs people agreed to submit the matter to the treasury department if the way-bill was revised in a way they suggested. The result was that the way-bill was altered to read as follows:

"Chest of native skulls. Personal effects, already worn."

Shoes Made in Quick Time.

"These two-and-a-half shoes," said the salesman, "were made in 28 minutes. All our shoes are turned out in that time.

"You ought to see our plant. There are 116 men there. Everything is machinery—no handwork for us.

"From the time the leather is laid on the cutting board it takes two minutes to cut it out, eight minutes to stitch it and two minutes to put in the lasts. In eight minutes more the soles are sewed on, in six minutes the edge-setting and farewell touches are completed, and in two minutes the laces are inserted and the shoes packed. Total, 28 minutes.

"Think of that," said the salesman. "And yet I know people who still pay $12 and $15 a pair for their shoes because, being handmade, they last a little longer and look a little better."

Romance of Bull Ring.

At Cartagena, Rafael Gonzales, known professionally as Machaquito, the most brilliant swordsman of the Spanish bullrings, captured the regard of an Anglo-Spanish girl, Senorita Angeles Clementson, who flung him her fan into the arena. He responded with a chivalrous and picturesque salute, and dedicated to the lady the death of his second bull. His stroke, which was successful, proved also the "coupe de foudre," for Senorita Angeles. The pair were married amid great public rejoicings.

BELIEFS DIE HARD

OLD SUPERSTITIONS PREVALENT IN GERMANY.

Outlandish Ideas and Practices—Some Remedies for Diseases Grewsome and Others Grotesque—Unique Is Cure for Erysipelas.

Some one has been making an investigation as to the survival of medieval superstitions in Germany, and his discoveries have been reported in the Norddeutsche Allegemeine Zietung. All sorts of outlandish ideas and practices were found in active prevalence in the marsh lands of the Weser, north of Bremerhaven, in the Luneburg heath, a barren region between the Elbe and Aller.

In both these districts the touch of a corpse's hand is still regarded as a curative of many local ills. In the Wesermarsch the practice is to steal secretly into the room where the dead person is laid and with the dead hand stroke the affected part. In the Luneburg heath the application is especially used as a cure for warts and for cramps in the stomach.

Less grewsome is the remedy for hernia still applied in the marsh country. On the night of St. John the Baptist's day, June 24, the patient must be dragged through the split of a cleft ash tree. Three men bearing the first name of John must perform the operation, and it must be conducted in dead silence.

Some of the cures depend, on the contrary, upon verbal formulas. For hiccough the sufferer must cross a little wooden bridge over a stream—an easy matter in marshlands with their many drainage ditches. As he crosses he must repeat the nursery rhyme:

Suik-up un ik gungen aber dat steg
Suik-up fult heln un ik gung weg.

This bit of dialectic German may be translated:

Hiccough and I went over the bridge,
I went on, Hiccough fell in the ditch.

For erysipelas a fire is lighted and a pinch of ashes from it is rubbed on the skin to the accompaniment of a saying to the effect that the ashes and the sore went over the Red sea together: the ash came back, but the sore never again. Numerous other sayings, supposed to have the force of charms, usually when uttered simultaneously with some action, are quoted. The Luneburger, for instance, who has warts makes the sign of the cross on the warts while gazing at the crescent moon, saying: "What I see, that I win; what I wish, that disappears." It rhymes in the German dialect.

Sometimes the formula is not spoken. The Wesermarsh folk have a saying which they write on a slip of paper when any one has fever, then they burn the paper. The Luneburgers have no formula, but they write the name, year of birth and birthplace of the sick person in a lonely place three nights running. Other remedies for fever consist in swallowing spiders or dust filed from a church bell.

When a tooth comes out the loser must throw it backward over his head. Hair combings must not be thrown out of the window, because the birds might get them and fly away with them. In that case the person who was separated from them would speedily become bald.

Birds and Consumption.

"Wilson, the keeper of the birds, is left for Colorado. One lung gone. He ain't the first."

The zoo attendant relighted the stump of his cigar and sighed.

"Birds give men consumption," he said. "I've seen it proved. There was Jenkins in Frisco, Black in New York, and now there's Wilson here. Why, I wouldn't keep that there bird house for twenty a week.

"It's a bad thing to have birds at your home, too. Parrots is bad; canaries is worse. As for big aviaries of 15 or 20 birds, why, you might as well come here and take George Wilson's job.

"Dr. Tucker Wise, our superintendent told me, traced 30 cases of consumption to canaries, and a large avalry was in his opinion the cause of the death of an entire German family of 11 persons."—Chicago Chronicle.

Animal Born Only to Die.

The instances of natural death in the animal world are conspicuous, in comparison with those in the vegetable world, for their greater variety and complexity. There seems no doubt that this manner of death established itself independent in the different groups of animals.

Fifty years ago an American naturalist, Dana, discovered on the surface of the sea a little animal of so singular a character that he named it "monstrilla." It is a small crustacean, akin to the cyclops so common in ponds. But while the latter are furnished with all that is necessary to capture and digest their food, the monstrilla has neither apparatus for seizing prey, nor digestive tube. It is richly provided with muscles, nervous system, organs of sense, and sexual organs; it only lacks what is necessary to prolong life by alimentation. The monstrilla is doomed therefore to natural death.—Harper's Magazine.

The Old Man's Fortune.

"Old man had his left leg cut off by a railroad."

"You don't say!"

"It's a fact; an' he made enough out o' it to paint the house, take the mortgage off the mule an' buy Sue a planner."

"My! but ain't Providence on the side o' some folks!"

Proposed French Piano Tax.

The monster which French lawgivers intend to attack is ubiquitous. Its name is "piano," and the minister of finance seriously thinks of proposing a tax on those instruments not used in a professional capacity—and they, of course, from the majority. There are in France about 500,000 pianos, and a tax of, say, 10s, would bring in the respectable sum of £250,000. It is very tempting to a minister who struggles with an annual deficit.—London Bystander.

Progressing Finely.

Lovett—I suppose a fellow ought to have a good deal of money saved up before he thinks of marrying?

Marryat—Nonsense! I didn't have a cent when I married and I'm getting along fine now.

Lovett—That so? Installment plan?

Marryat—Yes, and we've only been married and keeping house for a year and I've got the engagement ring all paid for now.

The Candid Ghost.

Square-jawed Woman (at spiritualists' seance)—Is that you, pa?

Spirit—I can't deny it.

Woman—This is your wife and daughter Ariadne. How do you like the spirit world?

Spirit—I'd like it a durn sight better if I could get away from your claque here.

Paterson.

Paterson, N. J., had partly redeemed its bad reputation when the discovery of a powder magazine under the opera house gave it another setback.

Vatican Has Largest Bible.

A Hebrew Bible in the Vatican weighs 320 pounds, and is the largest Bible in the world. It is all in manuscript.

Employers and Employed.

A short distance from the Courrieres mines, where so many unhappy events have recently occurred, there is an old metallurgical establishment where there has never been a strike, and where employers and employes are on the most friendly terms. Nothing ever happens to the employers—happy or unhappy—but the workmen share in it, and vice versa. This most happy union of good employers and good workmen ought to be known.—Le Figaro.

Telegraph Line Through Desert.

For the projected telegraph line from Algeria to the Niger river the telegraph posts in the Sahara will be metallic and placed at distances of 60 yards, the wires being high enough to allow the passage of a man on camelback. At intervals along the 600 miles of the Algerian section six small garrisoned stations will be established. At a central redoubt, surrounded by outer fences, provisions will be stored for three months round a cistern.

Zanzibar as a Storehouse.

The island of Zanzibar has been under British protection since November 4, 1890. It is the great storehouse and distributing center for trade of the whole east African coast although with the development of the resources of the mainland and increased shipping facilities of the several mainland ports its relative commercial importance is not so great as in former years.

AN ARRAY OF TALENT

Will Fill The Federal Court Room In Chicago Today

Chicago, Ill., March 4.—When "Case No. 3717" is called before Judge Landis today the federal court room will contain an array of legal talent that indicates that a case of more than ordinary importance was on the tapis. The case is that known as the "Alton case," in which the Standard Oil Company of Indiana is charged with receiving concessions on shipments of oil from Whiting, Ind., in violation of the law. The trial results from one of the eight indictments returned against the company some time ago and recently sustained by Judge Landis of the United States district court.

The indictment covering the "Alton case" charges that the Standard Oil Company accepted a rate of six cents a hundred pounds on oil shipped from the refineries at Whiting, Ind., to East St. Louis, and seven and one-half cents a hundred pounds on oil shipped from Whiting to Chapelle, when the published rates were eighteen cents and nineteen and one-half cents, respectively.

The indictment is composed of 1,903 counts, or one count for each car which the indictment alleges was transported at these rates. The maximum fine in the event of conviction on each of the 1,903 counts would aggregate $38,060,000.

FILES CURED IN 6 TO 14 DAYS.
PAZO OINTMENT is guaranteed to cure any case of Itching, Blind, Bleeding or Protruding Piles in 6 to 14 days or money refunded. 50c.

ENDS TODAY

Present Session Of Congress Will Close This Noon

Washington, D. C., March 4—The session of Congress which comes to an end at noon today has been one of the most extravagant since the foundation of the government. The appropriations of the session aggregate a billion dollars.

The growth of federal expenditures during the past twenty years has been most remarkable. The gross appropriations by Congress in 1887 amounted to only $387,330,971. From this figure, which at the time was thought somewhat extravagant, the appropriations have crept up year by year until the high water mark of $826,184,624 was reached last year.

It has been only about fifteen years since the first billion dollar Congress came into view—when the appropriations for two sessions of a Congress aggregated a billion dollars. Some conservative minded men felt then that the government was running to extravagance, but now the country has witnessed a billion dollar session—two billion dollar Congress, for it is pretty safe to predict that now the billion dollar stage has been reached for a single session, succeeding sessions will find it necessary to appropriate as much as has been appropriated at any preceding session.

The legislators will hurry their work from now on.

produces fine results in 30 days. It acts powerfully and quickly. Cures when others fail. Young men can regain their lost manhood, and old men may recover their youthful vigor by using REVIVO. It quickly and quietly removes Nervousness, Lost Vitality, Sexual Weakness such as Lost Power, Failing Memory, Wasting Diseases, and effects of self-abuse or excess and indiscretion, which unfits one for study, business or marriage. It not only cures by starting at the seat of disease, but is a great nerve tonic and blood builder, bringing back the pink glow to pale cheeks and restoring the fire of youth. It wards off approaching disease. Insist on having REVIVO, no other. It can be carried in vest pocket. By mail, $1.00 per package, or six for $5.00. We give free advice and counsel to all who wish it with guarantee. Circulars free. Address ROYAL MEDICINE CO., Marine Bldg., Chicago.

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Monday, March 4.

B. C. Whitney's Musical Cocktail

Piff! Paff! Pouf!

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See Boston Criticisms.

HERE IS PROOF POSITIVE.

Dispute as to Whether Animals Think Settled for All Time.

"Do animals think?" was the subject under discussion by the Dewsbury Debating club. Bob Rogers, the dog fancier, said they did.

"I have a dog," he declared, "which acted like a hero once when my house caught fire. My wife and I snatched up as many of the children as we could carry, and flew into the street. Neither of us had time to count them till we got outside, and then, alas! we found there was one missing.

"Before we had time to return to the blazing house we saw Rover peering into the faces of all the rescued children, and then, having discovered that there was one short, he sprang through the flames and reappeared, in less than a minute, with a blanketed bundle, which proved to be our child."

"Marvelous!" exclaimed the listeners.

"Wait a second, my impatient friends," proceeded Rogers. "That dog hadn't finished. In two seconds he was back in the furnace again. We felt sure the noble animal would be cremated, and I remember feeling disappointed that he hadn't been able to count the children correctly, after all, for there was none left in the house to save. However, when he returned he had between his teeth, all safe and sound—what do you think?"

"Give it up!" shouted everybody.

Rogers leaned forward and whispered:

"The fire insurance policy—wrapped in a wet towel!"

MILK THE ORIGINAL FOOD.

Prof. Osler Tells of the Dietary Needs of Mankind.

Comparing the human body and the steam engine in a lecture, Prof. Osler said one differentiating feature was that while the engine had only one furnace, and a large one, the human body consisted of myriads of little furnaces—that is, cells. Milk was the original food of man. It contained the four things that were necessary as food—fat, curd, sugar and salt—all dissolved in water. Dr. Weir Mitchell once showed him a robust-looking patient, and he remarked: "He looks as if he had been living on the fat of the land." "No," replied Dr. Mitchell, "on the fat of the cow." That patient had a five years' milk diet—except on Sundays, when his wife insisted on rice pudding. If vegetarians would eat their vegetables and say less about it they would do well. Many vegetarians were not as robust mentally as physically.

Alcohol was quite unnecessary. If all the beer and spirits could be dumped into the Irish channel and the North sea for a year, people in England would be infinitely better off. "If," he continued, "on the second day you dumped all the tobacco into the sea it would be good for you and hard on the fish."

Poor Man's Misfortune.

Miss Elizabeth Magie, the pretty and talented Chicago girl who recently jumped into distinction by offering herself for sale, said the other day in an address before a girls' club:

"I advise all of you to be new women. I urge you to pay no heed to the gibes about new women that are continually being uttered by men.

"It isn't a fine type of man that gibes at the new woman. You know the story of the man in the county jail?

"'What brought you here, my poor fellow?' a missionary asked.

"'I married a new woman, sir,' the prisoner groaned.

"'Aha,' said the missionary. 'And she was so domineering and extravagant that it drove you to desperate courses, eh?'

"'No,' said the prisoner. 'The old woman turned up.'"

Dental Job Goes Begging.

Municipal authorities of Barmen, Prussia, have been requested to advertise for a dentist who is willing to attend an elephant, an inmate of the local zoo. He suffers from peevishness in consequence of frequent attacks of toothache, caused by overabundance of sweets. At such times he is practically unmanageable. The local dentists refuse to attempt to fill his teeth. One dentist was brave enough to try to examine an aching tooth, but the enraged elephant chased him around the inclosure and the dentist afterward sent in a bill for damages caused by the shock.

Difference in the Races.

The Frenchman of the middle class sacrifices everything in order to obtain for his children some official position or other, a mean one, perhaps, but a sure one, leading after 30 years of penury to a pension verging on destitution. This is one aspect of the decay of the French race. It is easy to understand that two races are not evenly armed for the struggle for life if one be made up of aspirants to official positions and the other of individuals possessing initiative, daring and energy. For this reason do Latin races decline, while Anglo-Saxon races grow and multiply.—Paris Siecle.

Nerve.

"Yes," said the warden, "he was the coolest and most thoughtful convict who ever broke jail."

"You don't say!" exclaimed the visitor.

"Yes; he left behind him a note to the governor of the state beginning: 'I hope you will pardon me for the liberty I'm taking.'"

INDIAN OF MEXICO DOCILE.

Essentially a Man of Peace, He Wants to Be Let Alone.

The simple minded, patient, docile Indian of Mexico is eminently peaceful. Bountiful nature and perpetual summer combine to palliate his improvidence. He can not see the necessity of laying up anything for a rainy day. It rains half the days in Mexico anyhow, but that only makes the mangoes grow larger and cheaper. If he has no tortillas today some of his neighbors have, and they will gladly share, for conditions may be reversed tomorrow, says Modern Mexico.

These Mexican Indians make the best and the poorest servants in the world. Their greatest charm from this standpoint is their perfect appreciation of their position. Always polite, never presuming, with hat in hand, it is always "your servant" and "with your permission." In the household they ask a half holiday once a fortnight with never a word of complaint when working hours last from daylight to midnight.

The Mexican Indian does not want to fight. All he asks is to be let alone. His politeness and affectionate nature are inborn. His love for children is particularly marked. It is a common sight to see a laborer in the street with but two pieces of white cotton clothing to his back or his name stop a woman with a baby in her arms and, holding the child's face between both his hands, deliver a resounding smack and chuck it under the chin. And in the same unconscious and entirely unaffected manner will a young man take his sombrero from his head and reverently kiss the hand of some ancient relative in a tattered dress when he encounters her in the crowded thoroughfare.

TWO OLD CRONIES CELEBRATE.

Have Their Own Way of Observing the Spirit of Christmas.

"For many years," said Mr. Frank L. Shafer, of Cincinnati, at the Arlington, "a couple of old cronies of my acquaintance have had a unique way of celebrating their friendship on Christmas day.

"Punctually at noon on December 24, they meet at a certain rendezvous and Bill opens the game by buying a quart of wine. When this is consumed Tom makes a purchase of a second quart, the drinking of which consumes much time, and the story of their years is told and retold.

"The finale, which is an act of great seriousness, consists of Bill going down into the depths of his trousers and pulling forth a $20 gold piece, which he presents to his chum as an evidence of sincere appreciation. Without the loss of a second Tom makes a dive for his pocket and extends to the other a double eagle, accompanying the gift with fervent expressions of everlasting friendship. This quaint custom appears to be original with the principals of my story, and without going into detailed argument, it would seem their plan is not altogether without merit."—Washington Herald.

Firers of Fatal Shot Unknown.

"You know how a soldier traitor is put to death," said the colonel. "The traitor stands blindfolded and half a dozen privates shoot at him simultaneously. But perhaps you don't know that each of those privates, though he take the most careful aim, may afterward say without fear of contradiction that the traitor's blood does not stain his hands.

"This is the reason: Two of the rifles for this ghastly shooting are always loaded with blank cartridges. Then they are shuffled and no one knows which the harmless ones are. The executioners draw and each is as like as not to draw a harmless gun. So, when they shoot they can solace themselves for their un-Christianlike work with the thought that maybe they are only shooting a blank cartridge at the poor, blindfolded wretch before them."

Hit the Lawyer Hard.

Joseph H. Choate, the famous lawyer and diplomat, said at a lawyers' dinner:

"We lawyers couldn't do better than resolve, on the new year, to be gentler in our cross-examinations. Rudeness in cross-examination never pays. This is a truth that I once saw proven in a damage suit.

"In this suit a cross-examining lawyer shouted at a witness in overalls:

"'You there in the overalls, how much are you paid for telling untruths?'

"'Less than you are,' the witness retorted, 'or you'd be in overalls, too.'"

King Edward's Chef.

King Edward's chef, M. Menager, has a salary of $9,000 a year, besides free lodging near the palace. He does nothing in connection with breakfast, but devotes his attention to preparing dinner, which is served at nine o'clock. Menus are furnished by the official known as master of the household, and after dinner M. Menager presents his bill, which is always paid on the spot.

Had to Concede It.

"Well," said Subbubs, "I've just weathered a little labor trouble that's costing me seventy-five per week."

"What!" exclaimed Citiman, "seventy-five dollars a week?"

"No; seventy-five cents. Our cook struck for a raise from $4.25 to $5."—Catholic Standard and Times.

A TRANSACTION IN FISH.

Market Man Had All Kinds, and Bride Made Her Choice.

A New England bride with slight experience in the markets of Manhattan entered an Eighth avenue market last Friday morning. "What kind of fish have you?" she asked.

"Some nice German carp, ma'am. No? Well, then, some Gloucester halibut."

"From Gloucester?" asked the bride.

"Well, what they sells in Gloucester," replied the man of the seafood emporium.

"Oh, what are those?"

"Green smelts from Rhode Island, ma'am. And we have lobsters from Nova Scotia, yellow perch from up state, carp from Muddy Ponds, near St. Louis, cod from the Cholera Banks, swordfish, blackfish or tautog caught in the sound."

Stopping to catch his breath and get the customer's measure, he went on:

"Sheepshead from Peconic bay and also cold storage; shad, strung clams from Long Island, hard shell clams, haddock from Boston," here she hesitated, "mackerel from St. John's, Newfoundland; Block Island bloaters, the very best boat fish from Cape Cod, Gloucester and imported smoked finnan haddie, best New England domestic haddock, native eels from Long Island, Cape Cod and Long Island oysters; the very finest smoked and salt herring and mackerel."

"Well—" and the bride looked dubious. Then, as though an inspiration had come to her, she said: "Give me about ten cents' worth of your best salt cod, the very freshest you have."—N. Y. Press.

PLUM PUDDING ALL RIGHT.

The Lancet Says It Is a Good Meal in Itself and Is Unjustly Blamed.

The London Lancet, which so often points out the terrible and unsuspected dangers to health encountered in every day life, publishes with reasonable optimism a hearty defense of the Christmas pudding.

"It is accused of indigestibility," says the Lancet, "but a synthical consideration of all the events would indicate the reverse to be the case. . . . For an individual enjoying average health the ingredients of plum pudding should offer no physiological stumbling block."

The paper then points out that the pudding is generally eaten after an extra large, hearty meal and unjustly gets blamed for what is really the result of overeating.

"The Christmas pudding," says the Lancet, "is a meal for a hungry man, for it is hardly possible to conceive a more complete food. Eggs supply plenty of proteid, suet a sufficiency of fat and bread crumbs, fruit and sugars a generous proportion of carbohydrates. Moreover, most of these carry the further necessaries of human diet, namely, mineral salts."

Could Still "Swaller."

"Deacon" Snow, as he was familiarly called, was a quaint character well known in Provincetown, Mass., where he recently died, more than 80 years of age. He was a horse jockey by profession, and also kept the principal livery stable in town. On one occasion he was driving a party of "city folks" over to Truro.

They had provided themselves with a basket of fruit, as well as with a bottle of liquid refreshment, which was passed from hand to hand among themselves. Finally one of the party said: "Deacon, won't you have a peach?"

"Guess not," he drawled, turning half around, "you see my teeth ain't what they used ter be, but"—and here he eyed the bottle longingly—"my swaller is just as good's ever 'twas."

The Wrong "Hauf."

Here is an octopus adventure. The crew of the Perle, a fishing boat hailing from Cancale, France, between St. Malo and Mont St. Michel, were about to pull in a big net when they encountered a sudden resistance. The net was simply crammed, not, however, with good mackerel, but with vast numbers of octopus, each provided with tentacles more than six feet in length. The slimy wretches swarmed up one side of the craft, giving the fishers a frightful experience. The men had at last to cut the rope of the net, sacrificing it altogether, and then to free the side of the boat from the octopus which stuck to it.

Is Motto of Prince of Wales.

"Ich dien" is not the motto of King Edward; it is the motto of the prince of Wales, and Edward used it while he was heir to the throne. This motto was under the plume of ostrich feathers found in the helmet of the king of Bohemia, who was slain at the battle of Cressy while a volunteer in the French army, August 26, 1346. Edward the Black Prince won this battle for the English, and in respect to his father, Edward III., who commanded in chief, he adopted the motto, which has been borne since that time by heirs to the throne of England.

Serious Damage.

"I'm glad to see you didn't laugh at that poor old man when he fell down," said the stranger.

"That's my gran'pop," the little boy howled. "O! boo! boo!"

"Don't cry, boy. There's nothing serious—"

"O! wow! He sat down on my train o' cars, an' I'll bet he busted 'em."

DEMAND HAS RAISED PRICE.

Largely Increased Returns for the Breeders of Ostriches.

"Undyed and uncurled ostrich feathers—feathers in the natural state—will be a good deal worn from now on," said the salesman. "In consequence the price has gone up.

"It has gone up all along the line. The eggs, the chicks, the birds, the feathers, all have risen.

"The crop plucked from one bird was worth $75 last year, but it is now worth $110.

"Eggs that used to sell for two dollars apiece bring three dollars to-day—and, by the way, in buying ostrich eggs whack them with a key and see that they give forth a clear, ringing sound, for if the sound is dull they are those papier mache eggs that have fooled so many of us lately.

"Chicks and mature birds, if the demand keeps up, will nearly go back to their old-time prices. In the old days a good pair of adults was worth $5,000, and chicks brought $500 apiece. The price dropped to $150 a pair for adults and $20 a pair for chicks. Now, though it has risen 20 per cent.

"I have seen wild ostriches in that cinnamon-colored waste of sand and stone that is called the Sahara desert—a cinnamon-colored waste encircled by flame-red mountains—and I have chased them many a time on a fleet Arab. But what is a fleet Arab beside an ostrich? It is a mule cart beside a 90 horse-power racer."

RECALLED ROMANCE OF YOUTH.

Dr. Martineau's Pleasant Recollections of Years Gone By.

On the occasion of the ninetieth birthday of Dr. Martineau, who preached in Liverpool for many years, Sir Henry Roscoe, the English chemist, congratulated him on attaining such a fine old age.

The distinguished clergyman said that he had been overwhelmed with congratulations, and that he was working through the letters he had received.

"By degrees," he said, "I shall answer them all.

"One of the most remarkable," Dr. Martineau continued, "was from a lady, the only person who addressed me as 'dear James.' I had not seen her since we were boy and girl together in Norwich. She is one of the daughters of Dr. Rigby in that city. My friends used to joke me as a young man about Miss Jane Rigby, and I received their chaff pleasantly.

"I believed her long since dead; and now comes this letter to remind me of her existence and her friendly recollection of me."

The old minister paused an instant, then added, with a tremulous smile, "She is now also in her ninetieth year."—Youth's Companion.

Admiral Wouldn't Be Bluffed.

The kaiser is a quick eater and the instant he lays down his knife and fork the waiters make a descent upon the plates of all at table, whether they have finished or not and clear for the next course. One day the emperor had on his right an old admiral whose racy bluntness of speech he much relishes. The old salt is also a bit of a gourmet, and it so happened that one of the dishes was his own peculiar favorite. But the emperor plied him so with questions and talk—perhaps of malice prepense—that the old fellow could scarcely get a chance for a mouthful before the sovereign's knife and fork were laid down and there was the regulation clearance rush. A grasp had already been laid on the admiral's plate, but, red with anger, he dug his fork into the intruding hand with a gruff "Get out!" and went on with a relish amid a general roar of laughter.

The Mischievous Beaver.

The proverbial industry of the beaver is not highly appreciated just now by the lumbermen of Maine. They assert that they are losing heavily this season through the damming of streams by this ingenious animal. The ponds thus formed have flooded hundreds of acres of timber land, making a great deal of valuable lumber quite inaccessible. In other cases good logging streams have been made useless by the diversion of a large volume of water from the regular watershed to other channels in which it is of no service. A demand will, therefore, be made at the next session of the state legislature for the repeal of the act by which the beaver is protected.

Ways of the Lordly Sex.

The ordinary man would still much rather glorify women and set them on a mock throne, whence he can depose them at will, than have to acknowledge in them a real title to regard. It is difficult for a man to overcome his essential self-importance. Most of us, perhaps, prefer to have inferiors round us—an abject trait of character, but natural. And only very slowly have we men been getting to prefer our womankind as friends and equals rather than as queens and pets, ruling us as a baby or a spoiled dog does.—London Saturday Review.

Unwritten Law.

"You are charged with the theft of a horse. Anything to say?"

"Your honor," responded the man at bar, "I claim justification under the unwritten law."

"Unwritten law?"

"I made it a law of conduct to steal anything in sight, and did this while still too young to write."

Necessarily the court took the case under advisement.

HOW MOOSE IS STALKED.

It Is Easy to Creep Up on Big Bull in Canoe.

It is a very easy matter, requiring little skill but silence, to glide along in the twilight or moonlight, keeping the canoe in the shadow of bordering trees, until, when rounding the point, the great amorphous bulk of a moose looms large in the middle distance.

If old at the game, it is no trick to steal forward each time his head goes under water in search of the tender roots, until within easy range, says a writer in Recreation. Thus I have advanced until forced to stop for safety's sake, for a bull moose is not an animal to be trifled with. I know of two fellows who, only last fall, paid for their curiosity with a narrow escape. It was before the season opened. They were out at dusk in their canoe, floating along some yards from shore, and on rounding a point saw a moose a short distance ahead. They were unarmed, but felt no fear, for they expected every second that the beast would turn and make off into the woods. Nearer and nearer they glided until with the rush of an avalanche he was upon them. There was nothing for it but to dive into the water and swim, which they did, reaching safety on the opposite bank. After smashing the frail canoe into pieces, the moose calmly went ashore and disappeared in the woods.

ALL FOR WANT OF HATPIN.

Disagreeable Experience to Two in Sacred Edifice.

The woman who had just purchased a "transformation" had a rather disagreeable experience the first time she wore it to church. Happening to bow too low at one point of the service, her hat slid off, carrying her wig with it and exposing the little wisp of hair which was all that was left of her natural crown of glory and which was screwed up in a most unbecoming fashion. A relative, kneeling beside her, made a dive for the chapeau and succeeded in recoving and replacing it before its loss had been noticed. But the "transformation" had disappeared. After awhile a man in the pew in front reached for his handkerchief, which he had placed inside his hat on a hassock. His hand became entangled in something which apparently moved. It was the "transformation," but he thought only of mice, and gave vent to his surprise and discomfiture in some unmelodious sounds that greatly scandalized the congregation.

Heavenward!

The late Rev. R. R. Howard, of Newton, Mass., a good old preacher of the Methodist persuasion, officiated one day at a funeral at Auburndale, and at the close had a word of inquiry and advice, as is the local custom, with many of those present.

Among others he approached a lady, a stranger to him, who was visiting in the neighborhood, and, after shaking hands, asked her if she was on the way to heaven.

"Yes," she promptly answered, "and if you come that way I should be pleased to have you call."

The good old man, horrified at such seeming levity, turned away, without reply, when a friend, sitting near, remonstrated with Mrs. ——, who, still more horrified at her mistake, said she understood him to ask if she was on her way to Hudson, where she lived.

Had Not Learned It Yet.

A bank official, who has many amusing stories at his tongue's end, tells of a stolid German woman who went into the bank one morning to deposit a fat roll of bills, and open an account.

She was asked to sign her name in the book reserved for the signatures of depositors, and began to do so with many twistings of her face and pauses after the painful completion of each letter.

Suddenly she stopped, and after a period of dismayed reflection looked appealingly at the benevolent young man on the other side of the broad writing shelf.

"I haf Katrina done," she said, pointing to her work with the pen; "but my secont name, I don't p'lieve I can write him. I don't peen marriet to dis man long alretty—only long as yesterday."—Youth's Companion.

Pointed Query.

The late Thomas Flatley of Boston, the well known Irish lawyer and wit, was acting for the defense in a divorce case, and during the cross-examination of the plaintiff asked the following questions:

"You wish to divorce this woman because she drinks?"

"Yes, sir."

"Do you drink yourself?"

"That's my business," said the witness, angrily.

Whereupon the lawyer, with face unmoved, asked one more question:

"Have you any other business?"

Why, What Did He Go For!

"Bobby, did you have a good time at the party?"

"Yes, mother."

"Why didn't you stay until it was over?"

"What was the use, mother? I couldn't eat any more."—Stray Stories.

Truth Will Out.

Burke—Yes, Kirke and I had a terrible quarrel. He called me a liar and I called him another, and—

Turke—That's funny; it's the first time I ever knew either of you to tell the truth.

MR. RILEY DID NOT KNOW.

Woman Reporter Asked Question Hard to Answer.

A friend of James Whitcomb Riley tells a story of an encounter the bachelor poet once had with a woman reporter. The energetic young woman after strenuous effort had finally caught Mr. Riley at the telephone. This is the conversation that followed:

"Is this Mr. Riley?"

"Yes. That is Miss—?"

"Miss Jones, of the Courier-Journal. I've been trying all day to get an interview with you, Mr. Riley."

"Ah, would it were a view instead of an interview," said the poet, gallantly.

"Oh, thanks. How long will you remain in Louisville, Mr. Riley?"

"Only a short time."

"Is your wife with you?"

"No, ma'am, she is not."

"Where is she, may I ask?"

"You may ask, my dear Miss Jones, but I find it very difficult to answer. I am in absolute ignorance of her whereabouts. For aught I know to the contrary, she may right now be at the other end of this telephone!"

There was much laughter, and afterward an effort to resume the interview. But in vain. Mr. Riley had escaped.—Home Companion.

WHERE INGENUITY WON OUT.

Betting Man Had Studied Conditions of Wager.

C. S. Rolls, the English aeronaut and motorist, was talking in New York about the aeroplane.

"I think the Wrights will win," he said. "Santos-Dumont is ingenious, but the Wrights are more ingenious still. They are as ingenious as—as a betting friend of mine."

Mr. Rolls smiled and resumed:

"My friend, Capt. Bragge, bet an athlete that he could not hop up a certain long flight of steps two at a time. The athlete took the bet, and made the trial. But there were 41 steps to the flight, and therefore, after making 20 hops the man found that he had lost. He paid up, but accused Capt. Bragge of sharp practice.

"'Sharp practice!' said Bragge, indignantly. 'Well, I'll make the same bet with you that I can do it.'

"The other, expecting to win his money back, assented.

"Capt. Bragge then hopped up 40 steps in 20 hops and, hopping back one, finished in the prescribed manner and won the bet."

His Whereabouts.

Stephen Tasker, of Philadelphia, had been congratulated on his exploring expedition in Labrador, an expedition whereon he had taken his wife.

"Those wild regions," said Mr. Tasker, smiling, "made hardly an appropriate place for a quiet married pair to visit on a pleasure trip. Still, everything came out well in the end—came out better than the young widow's adventure, eh?

"A young widow was consulting a tombstone maker about her husband's tomb. She ended the discussion with:

"'And I want it to say "To my husband" in an appropriate place, Mr. Slab.'

"'All right, ma'am,' Slab answered.

"And the tombstone when it was put up said:

"'To My Husband. In an Appropriate Place.'"

A Hearty Girl.

A whaling captain invited an Esquimo father and mother and daughter to dine with him aboard his ship. The daughter was only ten years old, and yet she weighed 140 pounds.

When it came to eating and drinking she drank eight bottles of beer and ate the same amount of food as was prepared for three men. She was so full when she got up from the table that her father had to carry her to his canoe, and she was hardly seated in the craft when she cried out that she was hungry and wanted more dinner.

Her father said that she was considered a delicate child, and he was afraid she would not live to be a woman, but the whaling captain didn't look at it that way. He was rejoiced that he didn't have her for a steady boarder.

Women Who Will Gamble.

The most difficult gambling to keep in check both in Singapore and Penang is gambling among Straits-born women of all classes from the highest downward. Frequent complaints are received from husbands whose wives have lost heavily, and it is known that there are five lotteries opening more or less daily in Singapore which are almost exclusively supported by "nonias." Education may possibly do omething to stop this vice among the Straits-born ladies, but it must be confessed that its effect in that direction on their husbands and brothers is but small.—South China Post.

Kansas Woodchucks' Holes.

In the early '70s a series of tornadoes in Kansas drove quite a number of inhabitants back east. Among them was a negro, who went to Concord, N. H., and entered the employ of the Hon. Mark R. Holt.

One day Mr. Holt asked the fellow about the tornadoes, the damage done and several other questions along that line. The man replied:

"Ya-as, they was turrible! Sunthin' turrible! Why, jest in our town the whole riber bank was washed away and left dozens of woodchuck holes stickin' out as much as ten feet."

WOULD BE NO DISTURBANCE.

Woman Merely Had Little Account to Settle with Husband.

She was a middle aged colored woman of muscular build, and as she stopped at one of the gates in the Union depot the other morning the official took notice that she was greatly perturbed and breathing hard.

"Madam, you seem to be excited," he said, as she choked and gurgled and coughed.

"Yes, sah, I does. I dun run mos' all de way from de house, and I fell down fo' times on de way. If I gits sight of dat pusson he will also be afflicted wid overexcitement—heaps of it."

"You have something under your shawl," he said, as his eyes detected a bulge to the garment.

"Yes, sah," she replied, as she removed and held up to view an old axe handle. "Dis am what will bring on dat overexcitement in case dat pusson shows up yere."

"But I can't permit any violence or disturbance, madam."

"Oh, dere won't be no fussin' aroun'. De pusson I done spoke of am my husband. He's done made up his mind to leave me fur another woman, and I 'spects 'em yere to take de train."

"And you won't disturb the peace?"

"Not at all, sah—no, sah. Dar won't be no disturbance. When I git eyes on him I shall spit on my hands, grip dis yere handle and jump for him, and befo' he comes to I'll have him home and all tucked in bed. No, sah—no disturbance 'cept dat I shall ax de people to stand back so dat I kin git a full swing of my arm to mash him!"—Chicago Daily News.

"MANLY ART" IN FRANCE.

Sport of Boxing Just Now Something of a Craze.

Boxing has become quite the rage in Paris; the old savate, with its effective high kicking, has been discarded for the "noble art" of Britain. But our lively neighbor the Gaul has always had a sneaking affection for a manly bout of fisticuffs a l'Anglais. When Owen Swift, the famous champion of the lightweights, took refuge in Paris after killing his opponent, Brighton Bill, in a prize fight, he was patronized by all the members of the French Jockey club. After a fierce battle at Charenton with Jack Adams, another pugilist of renown, Swift was arrested and brought before the Paris tribunal of correctional police on a charge of "having inflicted wounds occasioning an incapacity to labor for less than 20 days." Owen's description in his evidence, of the course of training which he had to go through had an amusing effect upon the young sporting swells of Paris. For months afterward these young exquisites might be seen going at their best pace along the streets and boulevards, muffled up to their eyes in sweaters and greatcoats, getting into condition for boxing.—T. P. O. of London.

Too Much of a Good Thing.

Arnold Daly had been invited to tell a story at a theatrical banquet in New York.

"I always hate to tell a story," he began, "because my listeners may have heard it before. What boredom that is for them, what agony for me.

"It is like the case of a friend of mine. He is deaf, but tries to conceal his deafness.

"And one night at a dinner the host told a story at which everybody roared and my deaf friend joined in and outroared the whole table, though in truth he hadn't heard a word.

"'That story,' he began, 'reminds me of another one—'

"And then the poor fellow went on and told the very same yarn the host had repeated only a minute before."

Western Hustle.

In Salt Lake City were several firms which mailed advertising circulars to the farmers of the surrounding country when they had anything new to offer, says the Saturday Evening Post. A bright boy went to these men, and offered to deliver 2,000 such circulars in the rural free delivery mail boxes for five dollars. Six different firms accepted the offer. The lad then went to the printer, and secured a commission of five dollars on the sale of the 12,000 circulars. Next, he started out in a rig which he secured rent free from the livery stable in return for nailing up signs advertising it. The delivery of the circulars took him four days, for which he had received $35—nearly nine dollars a day.

Out of the Mouth of Babes.

The caller didn't look it, but she declared to little Clorinda that she dearly loved children. It may be that she said so because she heard the distant swish of the skirts of Clorinda's mamma, but, whatever the cause, she repeated it urgingly. Then, as the small lady with the pet cat made no move to answer her invitation to come and make friends, she asked: "Why is it that you love your kitty better than me, dearie?" Then Clorinda's mamma entered the room with an ill-concealed smile, as she heard her daughter answer: "'Cause she purrs as if she meant it."

Humane Law of the Desert.

One of the oddest humane laws in this country is in force in Nevada. In that section of the American desert which lies in Nevada, travelers in distress may flag the limited passenger trains and compel the train crew to give them water to drink. The law makes it a felony to refuse to comply with the traveler's request.

THE PORTSMOUTH HERALD

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MONDAY, MARCH 4, 1907

AN UNPOPULAR HOLIDAY

There seems to be no doubt that the great majority of of New Hampshire people favor the substitution of Patriots' day for Fast day as a legal holiday. A petition asking that this substitution be made has been signed by a great number of representative people, including many clergymen and heads of religious organizations.

Ten well known men spoke at a Senate hearing on the proposition and Fast day had but one defender. Eight prominent citizens, who spoke at the House hearing, all favored the creation of a new holiday.

Prof. Herbert D. Foster of Dartmouth, one of those who addressed the House hearing, spoke, in part, as follows:

"Fast day in New Hampshire is a libel on the state. The people have not ceased to lift up their hearts to God; but they have ceased to choose Fast day for public prayers. The attempt of the state to dictate a day to the churches has long since proved useless. We live in a land where church and state are separate and where religion is free and not dictated to by civil authority. The state has no right to prescribe to unwilling churches the day on which they shall fast and pray. The day rests on a different basis from that of Sunday, Christmas or Thanksgiving. Sunday and Christmas are days recognized throughout Christendom by common consent. Thanksgiving has struck its roots deep into our national life and become the home as well as the harvest festival. But the number of states which retain Fast day has steadily decreased in the last twenty years from about twenty-nine to about twelve. The day is doomed in New Hampshire as elsewhere. It is worse than a misnomer; it is a humbug, and the people will not stand for a humbug."

That Prof. Foster voiced the sentiments of religious people in general is certain. That people not closely identified with the churches and religious societies share these views is equally certain. Chiefs of educational bodies and patriotic associations are also opposed to the retention of a holiday that long since ceased to have meaning. Everywhere, Fast day is laughed at. It is, as Mr. Foster, aptly says, a humbug.

In view of these recognized facts, it is hard to understand the opposition of the Legislature and the reported opposition of Gov. Floyd to the Fast day measure. What possible interest they can have in a holiday which no one else seems to want is not easy to explain. If it was thought that religious people would oppose the substitution of a new holiday for the ancient one, those holding that opinion must be by this time undeceived.

It is to be hoped that the Legislature will reconsider its action in this matter and that Gov. Floyd will withdraw his opposition. New Hampshire may not be financially able to do all the things that the richer states do, but in this instance there is no reason why it should not keep up with the procession.

OUR EXCHANGES

In carmine cloak the gipsy Day
Knocked at Eve's monastery bars;
Now comes he, novice cowled in gray,
To light the candles of the stars.
—Charles L. O'Donnell in Smart Set, March number.

No Noticeable Hurry

The United States Senate Wednesday passed a bill to pay the state of New Hampshire $15,000 for one fort and tract of land ceded to the United States in 1791. In this case there doesn't seem to have been any great amount of undue haste.—Boston Globe.

Speaking From Experience?

Good sleighing, good moon, good team, boy and girl, happiness.—Franklin Journal-Transcript.

We Can Guess What They Are, Though

Harriman is what might be called a very good witness and knows very thoroughly the art of using words to conceal his real thoughts.—Concord Patriot.

No

Can you refrain from smiling, you who read and do your own thinking, over this "brain storm" theorizing?—Salem News.

Not This Week, Anyway

The Harvard men are enjoying immensely the dramatic way in which our athletic President has measured himself in the arena with Dr. Eliot. It looks as though football would not be abolished immediately.—Wakefield Citizen and Banner.

Meaning Just What, Brother?

John W. Gates says it is easy to get a million dollars, but he doesn't intimate that an honest man is likely to find the job an easy one.—Portland Advertiser.

SUNDAY FIRE

Caused Thousand-Dollar Loss On North Kittery Farm

The barn and shed of Manning Moulton, North Kittery, were destroyed by fire on Sunday.

Fourteen tons of hay and 300 feet of lumber were consumed.

The loss will be over a thousand dollars.

MR. GILE SPOKE

There was a good attendance at the men's meeting in Y. M. C. A. Hall on Sunday afternoon. Rev. George W. Gile delivered an interesting address.

THE THEATRICAL FOLK

"Piff Paff Pouf" Tonight

The appearance of "Piff Paff Pouf", a musical cocktail under B. C. Whitney's management, at Music Hall tonight, is a matter of more than ordinary interest to theatregoers. After two seasons of the most successful engagments in all the larger cities, B. C. Whitney will give our patrons the opportunity of enjoying an evening that will be profitable to all lovers of catchy music.

"Piff Paff Pouf" will be given with the same splendid stage settings that characterized its production at the Casino Theatre, New York City, for over eight months with a cast of metropolitan favorites, and a chorus of rare beauty and vocal ability. No musical comedy has more pleasing numbers that can be sung or whistled on leaving the theatre and "The Ghost That Never Walked," is certain to be on the lips of all who are fortunate enough to hear it.

Has Caught the Public Fancy

"As Ye Sow" the play that will undoubtedly fill Music Hall on its return engagement on March 7, under the supervision of William A. Brady and Joseph R. Grismer, has caught the public fancy throughout the entire country. The big auditoriums of every theatre visited are always crowded to their utmost capacity and the audiences unsparingly applaud the many attractive scenes and the moral principles. Melodramatic though it be, "As Ye Sow" meets ready appreciation from all classes of amusement seekers, who are apparently tired of nonsense alone on the stage and find a serious drama more than refreshing. Rev. Mr. Snyder, playwright by avocation, offers this production as evidence of an orthodox clergyman's ability to dramatize suitably for the stage.

Full New York Company

Neil Burgess is not satisfied with giving us a great production of "The County Fair," appearing himself at every performance as "Aunt Abby," but is also bringing with him his full New York company, with two carloads of scenery and four horses which made the remarkable run of three years in New York City and one year in Boston. The play will be produced at Music Hall on March 14.

TELEGRAPHIC BRIEFS

Iroquois Theatre Case

Danville, Ill., March 4—The case of Will J. Davis, growing out of the Iroquois Theatre holocause by by which more than 600 persons lost their lives on the afternoon of Dec. 30, 1903, will come up for trial today in the Vermillion county circuit court. The case was brought here on change of venue. from Chicago Mr. Davis was manager of the Iroquois Theatre at the time of the fire and is charged with involuntary manslaughter by his alleged failure to take proper precautions for the safety of the theatre audience.

Colleges In Triangular Debate

Providence, R. I., March 4—Much interest is manifested in the annual contests to be held tonight by the Triangular Debating League, comprising Brown University and Dartmouth and Williams colleges. The arrangements provide for simultaneous contests at each institution. The question of debate is involved in the proposition: "Resolved, That armed intervention is not justifiable on the part of any nation in behalf of private individuals to collect financial claims against any American nation."

Last Of The Lovejoy Defenders

Xenia, O., March 4—James Cromwell of this city, who is said to be the last survivor of the men who defended Elijah Lovejoy, at the time of his assassination in Alton, Ill., or who were in any way connected with the killing of the Alton preacher editor, observed his ninety-third birthday today. Mr. Cromwell is still in good health and clearly recollects the incidents of the killing of Lovejoy, which occurred Nov. 7, 1837.

Tourney of Billiard Stars

New York, March 4—Billiard admirers throughout the country will follow with keen interest the seventh annual championship tournament of the National Association of Amateur Billiard Players, which will begin tonight at the Liederkranz Club. The entry list is made up of eight players who are unquestionably the best of the amateur ranks. They are Champion Edward Gardner of Passaic, N. J., Calvin Demarest and Charles F. Conklin of Chicago, Frank J. Drener and Edward Helm of Cleveland, Mortimer H. Rolls of Philadelphia and J. Ferdinand Poggenburg and Dr. L. L. Mial of New York. While Drener and Helm are entered in the tourney it is quite likely that they will not be able to compete because of business engagements. Of the remaining six the most interest centers in young Calvin Demarest, who, though only nineteen years old, has made an enviable record. Rolls, the Philadelphia, is a newcomer in the national championship competition. Conklin of Chicago is one of the foremost amateurs in the country and narrowly missed winning championship honors last year. Gardner, Mial and Poggenburg have played in many championship tourneys and are well known in billiard circles.

Italian Tragedian in America

Boston, Mass., March 4—At the Majestic Theatre in this city tonight there will take place the first appearance in this country of Ermete Novelli, one of Italy's most famous tragedians. Following an engagement of two weeks in Boston Novelli will appear in New York and conclude his tour with a two weeks' engagement in Philadelphia. His repertoire will consist mainly of classic and tragic drama. Though this is Novelli's first visit to the United States he is already well known in Cuba, Mexico and the principal countries of South America.

Cabinet Changes in Effect

Washington, March 4—With the simplest ceremonies that the occasion permitted George B. Cortelyou will today be sworn in as secretary of the treasury, and James A. Garfield, late commissioner of corporations, took the oath of office as secretary of the interior. The departure of Secretaries Shaw and Hitchcock from the departments over which they have so long presided will be an occasion for many expressions of regret from their friends and associates. The usual round of introductions between the two new cabinet members and their subordinates will be dispensed with, as both Secretary Cortelyou and Secretary Garfield have been in public life here so long and are so well known in all the departments of the government that the formality of introduction are not deemed necessary.

Wife Slayer on Trial

Black River Falls, Wis., March 4—The trial of Samuel T. Montgomery, charged with the murder of his wife, will begin today in the Waupun county court. Montgomery is charged with murdering his wife two years ago by dragging her by the from a carriage behind a runaway team in Monroe county. This is the second trial of the case. The first trial resulted in Montgomery's conviction.

WEEK'S CALENDAR OF SPORT

Monday

Seventh annual championship tournament of the National Association of Amateur Billard Players, in New York City.

Race meeting transferred from the Fair Grounds to City Park tract at New Orleans, to continue to March 16.

Opening of Kansas City automobile show.

Opening of three days' golf tournament at Miami, Fla.

Tuesday

Annual meeting of Western Golf Association at Chicago.

Wednesday

"Honey" Mellody vs. Joe Thomas, six rounds, before National A. C. Philadelphia.

Opening of bench show of Topeka Kennel Club at Topeka, Kas.

Billy Rhodes vs. Billy Papke, ten rounds, at Peoria, Ill.

Thursday

Third annual southern California Horse Show at Pasadena, Cal.

Opening of annual tournament of Western Bowling Congress at Denver, Colo.

Friday

Jimmy Walsh vs. Eddie Menney, tentw rounds, at Los Angeles.

Saturday

Opening of Boston automobile show, to continue one week.

Midwinter athletic carnival of Cincinnati, Y. M. C. A.

A scene in "Piff, Paff, Pouf."

Convalescents need a large amount of nourishment in easily digested form.

Scott's Emulsion is powerful nourishment—highly concentrated.

It makes bone, blood and muscle without putting any tax on the digestion.

ALL DRUGGISTS; 50c. AND $1.00.

DYSPEPSIA

"Having taken your wonderful "Cascarets" for three months and being entirely cured of stomach catarrh and dyspepsia, I think a word of praise is due to "Cascarets" for their wonderful composition. I have taken numerous other so-called remedies but without avail and I find that Cascarets relieve more in a day than all the others I have taken would in a year."
James McGune, 108 Mercer St., Jersey City, N. J.

Best for The Bowels
Cascarets
CANDY CATHARTIC
THEY WORK WHILE YOU SLEEP

Pleasant, Palatable, Potent, Taste Good, Do Good, Never Sicken, Weaken or Gripe, 10c, 25c, 50c. Never sold in bulk. The genuine tablet stamped CCC. Guaranteed to cure or your money back.
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ANNUAL SALE, TEN MILLION BOXES

WANT ADS.

SUCH AS FOR SALE, WANTED, TO LET, LOST FOUND, ETC.

One Cent a Word.

For Each Insertion.

3 LINES ONE WEEK 40 CENTS.

FOR SALE—At a bargain, 3 Beach lots. Parties leaving town offer them at a sacrifice. C. E. Trafton, Real Estate Agent. mar1tf

WANTED — Permanent board. Gentleman and wife would like two rooms and bath, good location, with private family. References given and required. Address C, care of this office. c,h,mar1tw

To Let.—Furnished rooms with good heat and electric lights, 19 Broad St., Near Lincoln Ave. Teleptone 465. c1wk

FOR SALE—Large bank desk, formerly used at Portsmouth Savings Bank. Inquire at this office. cha15tf

PLACARDS—For Sale, To Let, Furnished Rooms, etc., can be had at the Chronicle office.

FOR SALE—Electric motors; one 12 horse power, one 3 horse power. Inquire at this office.

PRINTING—Get estimates from the Chronicle on all kinds of work.

WHIST SCORE CARDS—For sale at this office

FOR SALE—House of six rooms, 1 Manning street. Apply at 9 South street. F7hc 3w

FOR SALE—A dozen second hand doors. Inquire at this office. cha15tf

FOR SALE—Beach lot at Wallis Sands, fronting on beach. Address B. F. D., this office. cha18tf

FOR SALE—Quantity of iron grating such as is used in banks. Inquire at this office. cha15tf

Boston Tavern.

Handy to Theatres and in the Heart of the Business District.

Ordway Pl. & 347 Washington S

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STRICTLY FIREPROOF.

European Plan.

PRIVATE DINING ROOMS

THEATRE AND DINNER PARTIES A SPECIALTY.

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Says a Leading American Author.

What is excellent?

BUTTER made at

HILL FARMS

ELIOT, MAINE.

CREAM that contains no poisonous preservative.

AN Attractive Contract

The Travellers Ins. Co. is offering to Preferred Risks a $5000.00 Accident Policy, which at the end of five years becomes worth $7,500.00 and at same time insures the Beneficiary for $5000.00 while travelling, weekly indemnity which would be paid the insured under the double benefit is $50.00 a week, not exceeding 400 weeks.

The Annual Premium for such a Contract is only $25.00. The Travelers Ins. Co., being the largest Accident Co. in the World, it is reasonable to presume that its Contracts are the most liberal.

This Co. also writes Health and Liability Insurance.

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DISTRICT AGENT.

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THAT'S OUR NUMBER.

When you call us on telephone you'll not get "Skidoo" or the "Hook," but

GRAY & PRIME

who will give prompt service and send you the best coal mined. Try it

PORTSMOUTH WON

Defeated Haverhill At Basketball On Saturday Evening

Portsmouth defeated Haverhill Saturda night in what was one of the most interesting contests of the season. The game was unlike most of those played here, entirely devoid of roughness the visitors being of the light, snappy class who depend entirely upon quick and accurate passing. They were proficient in this department of the game and as the score indicates made thingsvery interesting for the locals.

The home team as is usual adapted themselves to the style of the visitors and the result was fast, clean team work on both sides with very few penalties.

Sam Follansbee's brother who participated in one game for Portsmouth was with the visitors and did wonderful work. Ross and Fennessy also played well. For the home team, "Sam" Coady and Regan did the best work. Segrue led in shooting, having six to his credit.

The score:—

Portsmouth (29)	(22) Haverhill
Cragen, rf,	lg, Oliver
Segrue l f,	r g, Fennessy
Regan c,	c, Henderson
S. Follensbee l g,	r f Ross
Coady r g,	l f, R. Follansbee

Score, Portsmouth 29, Haverhill 22. Goals from floor—Cragen 3, Segrue 6, Regan 2, S. Follonsbee 2, Fennessy 2. Points from fouls—Portsmouth 3, Haverhill 2. Referee Sheridan. Timer Drew. Time 3-15 m. periods.

NEW NAVAL PRISON

Will Be Finished For Use Some Time This Summer

The naval appropriation bill as finally passed by Congress will make it possible to finish up the new naval prison at the navy yard so that it can be used this Summer.

In the bill which passed the House the appropriation necessary for the remainder of the cells in the prison wing, and the alterations in the present cells, was stricken out, and for a time it looked as though the big building would remain idle for a year or more until Congress met again.

Col. Allan C. Kelton, U. S. C., the governor of the prison, however, called the matter to the attention of the Senate naval committee and explained the great need of the completion of the building without delay, and the necessary amount was at once put in the bill.

At the present time the administration building and one wing are nearly complete. In the prison wing but half of the cells are in place, and another appropriation was necessary. The cells will now be installed and an extensive alteration made in the plumbing, and it is expected that the building will be opened by the first of July.

The department asked for an appropriation for the other wing of the prison and for barracks and the governor's quarters, but these will have to wait.

With the appropriation for the building, other appropriations for the yard were materially reduced.

CLEVER CALCULATING

Rumford Printing Company Goes Better Than All Others for Big Vermont Job

The Rumford Printing Company, of Concord, has been awarded the contract to print the "Revised Statutes of the State of Vermont," a large volume of 1,500 pages. The edition is 4,000 copies, to be bound in full law sheep, and the cost of the paper, printing and binding will be about $8,000. This contract was competed for by many of the largest printing houses in New England, but the superior facilities of the Rumford Company, which can and will do all parts of the work under its own roof, enabled it to win the award, the next lowest bidder being an Albany, New York, house, which was about a hundred dollars higher. The contract requires delivery in August.—Concord Monitor.

SPRING IS COMING

Formal Opening of the "Scut" Season An Infallible Sign

We have been told of many different signs of Spring lately, such as the appearance of robins and white crows, but the only real forerunner of the season when plants begin to grow was noticed on Sunday.

It was the grand opening of the "scut" season and the members of the fraternity were out in large numbers, sampling returned kegs in the railroad yard.

You can put it in your hat that this forecast puts robins, grasshoppers, frogs and everything else on the top shelf and has the mayflower man completely down and out. The only bad thing in connection with this "coming out party" was that the guests met with a little hard luck. Read the police court record for the rest.

FIREGRAPHS

Fred Manson has resigned as engineer of engine No. 4, and William Hudson of engine No. 1, has taken his place.

New horses are badly needed at the central fire station, as some of those in service are in bad condition. One on steamer No. 3 was condemned as a fire horse some time ago.

Some new hose is also needed and 1,000 feet should be purchased this year. A portion of that in use at present is very weak.

What would we think in Portsmouth if we had to pay $600 to light our central fire station for one year? That is what it cost in Peabody, Mass., last year.

Melrose pays its permanent men $78 a month, there having been a recent increase of five dollars a month.

For Over Sixty Years

MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP has been used for children teething. It soothes the child softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for Diarrhœa Twenty-five cents a bottle.

Guaranteed under the food and drugs act June 30, 1906. Serial number, 1098.

HAD A BUSY DAY

Police Found Plenty To Occupy Them On Sunday

With the change in the officers of the police force came a rush and the day shift got plenty of good athletic exercise on Sunday.

The ball was started by reports at the station that the scutting season had opened and that the men of a merry bunch of local actors were acting as tapsters on the kegs in the railroad yard. No crew of boilermakes, no anvil chorus and no fancy coopers could do the pounding that was given the beer kegs on Sunday.

The police went to the scene expecting to find foreign talent, but were greeted by a reception committee from the local branch. They ordered a hold up in the festivities and brought in Joseph Brown, "Rap" Randall and Fred Berry.

Another rush call came in by wire between five and six o'clock, that reinforcements had arrived and were juggling the kegs for spring medicine. The officers made a second call, but somebody passed the word skidoo and the police came back without a bird.

About four o'clock, a young man named Richard Alexander Roberts, who claims Cambridgeport, Mass., as his home, came to the station and complained that somebody had handed him a lemon in a house on Green street. He said that "booze" was being sold there and that the guests were very happy. Officers Shaw and Burke went to look the place over and left young Roberts outside. The police had no more than landed in the place by one door, when four marines and a sailor went out of another. They got their eyes on Roberts while the police were inside and filling their pockets with hardware and roller skating fluid started to annihilate him without due notice.

They kicked him and punched him, tore his trousers nearly off and were just putting on the finishing touches when the police came out. The officers gave them a game of tag up Bridge street and landed two marines, one on Congress street and another on Bridge street, but the sailor was a sprinter and got away.

The fourth marine turned back and made a dart for Christian Shore, sliding in a shed near the Raynes mansion. Officer Burke arrived shortly and bagged his man, taking him to the station in the vestibule of a loop line electric car.

At the station, the prisoners gave their names as George Freeman, William Lawson and Charles L. Jelneik.

Judge Simes, in police court at ten o'clock today, did the rest.

A BUSINESS PROPOSITION.

The boom in mining interests throughout the country during the past two years has greatly increased the number of investors in this class of securities and holders of large and small amounts are eagerly seeying daily news of the market and of the mining districts. In such matters the New York Commercial has grown to be known as the leading authority adsivestors ca do no better than read its columns daily.

The financial and insurance departments are among the strongest in the country and the dry goods, grocery, drug, metal and provision market reports are accepted by those in the various lines as most valuable and authoritative.

One druggist who owns two or three stores in New Jersey states that he has saved thousands of dollars by keeping in touch with the market through the columns of The Commercial. As a business proposition business men will find in a subscription to the New York Commercial a valuable asset.

ROSY WINE FOR THE OFFICERS, BUT NO BEER FOR THE SOLDIERS

Official Washington is inclined to look with somewhat of a sneer at the action of the House in voting to deprive inmates of soldiers' homes of their beer on the ground that it was feared that the custom would tend to intoxication on the part of the inmates. It is pointed out by those who criticize the action of Congress in this matter that there has never been a Winter in which so much money has been spent in entertaining by the members. Dinners, which have cost thousands of dollars have been given and the major portion of the expense account has gone for wines of the most costly kind. It is said that one member who proteed against the restoration of the canteen to the soldiers' homes has been in the habit of giving weekly dinners at his residence at which the wine bill alone was more than a thousand dollars. He, it is said, is but one of numerous instances where well-to-do members of Congress who opposed the sale of beer under restriction to veterans of the army have in their own homes dispensed drink freely.—Army and Navy Journal.

BREEDER'S CLUB

Has Been Declared Insolvent By Judge Hoyt

Judge Hoyt of the Rockingham county probate court has declared the New England Breeders' Club insolvent and Benjamin R. Wheeler has been named as messenger to care for the club's property in Salem, popularly known as the Salem race track. Mr. Wheeler has authority to dispose of any part of this property which he may deem necessary to avoid waste. Thomas H. Madigan, Jr., of Concord, has filed his appearance in the case as attorney for the Breeders' Club.

Judge Hoyt holds that the national bankruptcy laws do not cover amusement enterprises of this character and has ordered the Breeders' Club to file in the probate court before March 21 a list of the names and residences of creditors and a schedule of its property. A meeting of these creditors for the purpose of appointing an assignee is appointed for May 15.

There is some difference of opinion on the legal points involved, especially in view of a decision of the supreme court depriving probate courts of jurisdiction in insolvency proceedings after the passage of the national bankruptcy act. Judge Hoyt's view is that this case does not come within the scope of the national laws.

It is possible that some of the creditors will apply to the United States court for an opinion.

AT THE NAVY YARD

An agreement on the naval bill has been reached by both houses of Congress, providing at the Naval Academy for one bandmaster, at $1,200; twenty-one first class musicians, at $420 each, and seven second class musicians, at $360 each.

Secretary Metcalf of the navy has appointed a board to consider and report upon the pay of the master foremen, master quartermen and other leading men at the naval land stations. The bureaus will nominate representatives for the board. The bureau of steam engineering has selected Rear Admiral J. A. B. Smith, retired, as its representative on the board.

In the appropriation bill, Portsmouth yard loses $15,000 wanted for the coaling plant.

Rear Admiral P. F. Harrington, formerly stationed at this yard, now retired, who will have charge of the arrangements for the naval participation in the Jamestown exposition, was in Washington last week from Norfolk, Va., where he has his headquarters, to confer with Secretary Metcalf and other officers regarding the celebration.

DOVER TEAM TO BOWL

The crack Dover candle pin team will roll against the Portsmouth team on the local alleys some evening this week.

PRESIDENT'S SON ILL

Archie Roosevelt, youngest son of the President, is ill with diphtheria at the White House. His case is not considered serious.

In Sunday Schools.

The total number of Sunday school teachers and pupils in the world, according to the last available report, is 25,614,916. This does not include the schools in the Roman Catholic and non-Evangelical Protestant churches.

Mastery of Life.

Life is an art in which we too often remain mere dilettanti; one cannot attain mastery in it except by pouring out one's heart's blood.—Carmen Sylvia (Queen Elizabeth of Roumania).

Part of Their Business.

A Winsted (Conn.) dispatch says: "Yankee schoolmarms" are getting scarce. Not surprising when one learns, further on, that these teachers are, as a rule, good cooks.

The Need of the Present.

Let not future things disturb thee, for thou wilt come to them if it shall be necessary, having with thee the same reason which thou now usest for present things.—Marcus Antoninus.

Man's Sphere.

Says a womad writer: "Man is a plain necessity." We hope the men who strut around, feeling like a luxury, will see this.—Toledo Blade.

Craving for Riches.

Riches are like sea water, the more you drink the thirstier you become.—Schopenhauer.

True, But Who Is It?

When vanity masters reason the fool prevails.—Baltimore American.

IS NOT WEALTHY

(Continued from first page)

Eddy's mental powers are unimpaired, adding that the size of her fortune has been "grossly multiplied by rumor and unfounded report." Mrs. Eddy is not "possessed of large wealth, as the term is used," according to Mr. Streeter.

There is in the statement a glowing tribute to Mr. Frye and to Mrs. Eddy herself.

Attorney John W. Kelley of this city went to Concord today to meet and confer with Gen. Streeter. Former Senator Chandler, senior counsel for the plaintiffs, will arrive from Washington on Tuesday.

PORT OF PORTSMOUTH

Arrivals At and Departures From Our Harbor March 3

Arrived

Tug Monocacy, Robinson, Boston, picked up barge Brookside, Philadelphia for Newburyport, and sailed.

Tug Conestoga, Taylor, Gloucester, picked up barge Eagle Hill for Philadelphia and sailed.

Cleared

Barge Eagle Hill, Philadelphia (Saturday).

Sailed

Schooner Smith Tuttle, Perkins, Boston.

Wind westerly, moderate.

McPHEE—HURLEY

George B. McPhee and Miss Marguerite A. Hurley, both of Gloucester, Mass., were married at City Hall this (Monday) forenoon. City Clerk Hilton performed the ceremony.

The Cause of Many Sudden Deaths.

There is a disease prevailing in this country most dangerous because so deceptive. Many sudden deaths are caused by it—heart disease, pneumonia, heart failure or apoplexy are often the result of kidney disease. If kidney trouble is allowed to advance the kidney-poisoned blood will attack the vital organs, causing catarrh of the bladder, or the kidneys themselves break down and waste away cell by cell.

Bladder troubles almost always result from a derangement of the kidneys and a cure is obtained quickest by a proper treatment of the kidneys. If you are feeling badly you can make no mistake by taking Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root, the great kidney, liver and bladder remedy.

It corrects inability to hold urine and scalding pain in passing it, and overcomes that unpleasant necessity of being compelled to go often through the day, and to get up many times during the night. The mild and the extraordinary effect of Swamp-Root is soon realized. It stands the highest for its wonderful cures of the most distressing cases.

Swamp-Root is pleasant to take and is sold by all druggists in fifty-cent and one-dollar size bottles. You may have a sample bottle of this wonderful new discovery and a book that tells all about it, both sent free by mail. Address, Dr. Kilmer & Co., Binghamton, N. Y. When writing mention reading this generous offer in this paper. Don't make any mistake, but remember the name, Swamp-Root, Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root, and the address, Binghamton, N. Y., on every bottle.

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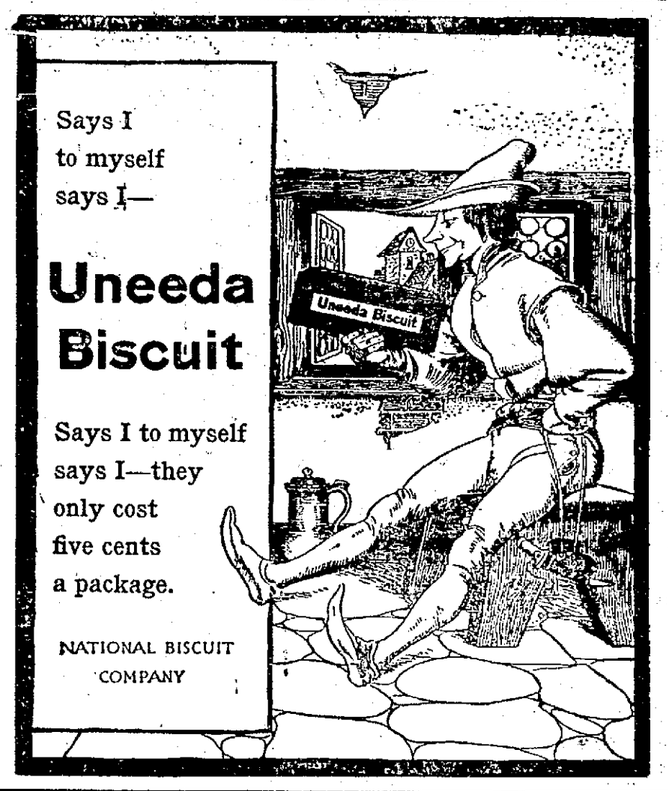
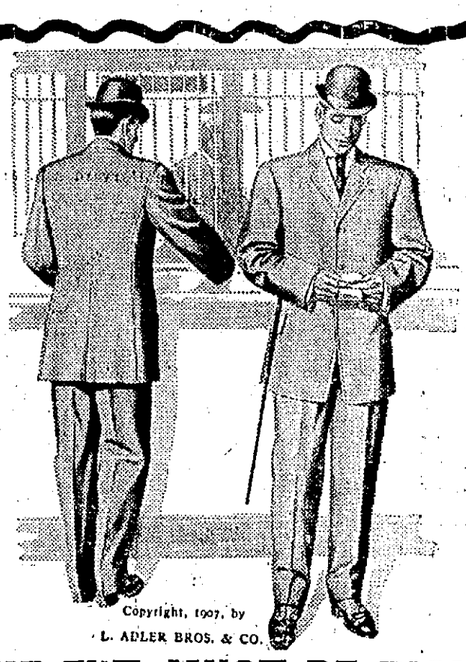


Says I to myself says I—

Uneeda Biscuit

Says I to myself says I—they only cost five cents a package.

NATIONAL BISCUIT COMPANY



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Yes, we give a fit in Le Adler Bro's. and Co's Rochester—made clothes at $16.00 to $25.00 that is entirely satisfactory. These clothes are made from merchant tailor patterns and are therefore different from other ready made attire in this, as in all other respects. Selling agents.

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TO THE APPLE.

Thy rounded form and ruddy cheek,
Thy full proportions comely grace—
What sturdy health they seem to speak,
How beams with cheerful smiles thy face!

Oh, let the orange flaunt her gold,
The peach her bloom seductive show,
The grape display her purple hold,
The cherry prank in gaudy glow—

I'd give them all away for thee,
Pomona's pride, New England's joy;
Thy devotee I'll ever be
To latest days, as when a boy.

Symbol then art of sanity,
A soul serene, a temperate life;
In thee we find no vanity,
No idle pomp, no foolish strife.

Who would have health and length of days,
Who would look back on years well spent,
Oh, let him join in this thy praise
And learn the secret of content.
—Percy F. Bicknell, in Farm Journal.

JACK WILSON—TRUST BREAKER

By EDWIN J. WEBSTER

(Copyright, 1906, by Daily Story Pub. Co.)

PERHAPS the young men of Abbeyville, relying on the fact that they had known the girls of that pretty little village since childhood, had grown somewhat careless and inattentive. Possibly the girls of Abbeyville were too particular and demanded more than was their due—though an unprejudiced observer would have said this would have been almost impossible in the case of such attractive girls. Whatever may have been the right of the case originally, the girls of Abbeyville, under the leadership of Laura Hopkins, decided that they had not been treated in a satisfactory manner. Something must be done to cause the young men of Abbeyville to repent and to remorsefully regard and regret their lost opportunities. Clearly an offensive and defensive league of the prettiest girls in Abbeyville would quickly bring about this much-to-be-desired result. And this was the reason for the formation of the Abbeyville Bachelor Girls' trust.

Laura Hopkins, as the leading spirit in the movement, was chosen president of the new trust. Laura had just quarreled with the man who thought her as near perfection as a girl can be—which in his opinion was very, very near—and in whom she had taken more than a sisterly interest. Perhaps this was the reason why she plunged into the work of forming the Bachelor Girls' trust in such an eager, not to say vindictive manner, heedless of the fact that all the evils claimed by the opponents of man-made trusts would be small compared with those which would be wrought by this new one if it should become firmly established throughout the country.

"We can have a club as well as the men," declared Laura, in sterner tones than one would have expected from so pretty a girl. "We can have our own dances, little parties all by ourselves, and all kinds of fun. We will show the men of Abbeyville that they are not one little bit necessary to our scheme of life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness."

They did. From the first the Bachelor Girls' trust had a career of triumph compared with which the careers of man-made oil, coal, steel, rubber and other trusts were checkered. The trust had scarcely been started ere its victims were anxious to capitulate. They pleaded that manufacturers and producers who were crushed by other trusts were at least allowed to take stock in them. But the Abbeyville Bachelor Girls' trust was differently managed. It could hear of no compromise. Its victims must be crushed and thoroughly punished for their previous neglect of the fair members of the trust. Soon the poor victims were ready to listen to any terms. And then, just when the trust seemed to have everything in its own hands, when a complete and unconditional victory seemed assured, the trust was ruined, and ruined by the treachery of Nettie Williams, one of its prettiest and most prominent members.

Nettie had originally regarded the trust project with much favor. But with the advent of Jack Wilson in the village of Abbeyville things had gradually changed. Jack was a distant cousin of hers. She had met him at a college commencement two years before. She had watched him plunge through the Yale line in the big football game. Even before Jack decided to pursue his profession in Abbeyville it must be confessed that he had occupied a larger place in Nettie's thoughts and day dreams than was safe for such an ardent member of a Bachelor Girls' trust.

While Jack was deciding on the situation for his office and apartments he stayed at the Williams residence. One must be civil to a cousin, even if he is a distant one and you are a prominent member of a Bachelor Girls' trust. So Nettie accepted many invitations to walk and ride with her big, athletic-looking cousin. Jack Wilson was not a believer in procrastination. When he wanted anything he wanted it very badly and very quickly. And one evening, as they were returning from a drive, he asked Nettie a question—a question she had been longing, yet half afraid to have him ask. And then Nettie suddenly remembered her half-forgotten duty, her solemn, but unheeded vow as a member of the Abbeyville Bachelor Girls' trust.

Fortunately Jack Wilson was a lawyer, and still more fortunately, as he assured Nettie, he had made a special study of the anti-trust laws. He pointed out the danger Nettie had run in joining a combination which was so plainly illegal. The Sherman law, the laws to prevent the restraint of traffic, innumerable state and federal laws explicitly pronounced such a trust as that of the Bachelor Girls to be illegal, as striking at the dearest rights and privileges of free-born American citizens which had been guaranteed them by the constitution. Nettie in terror crept closer to Jack and slipped her hand in his. Would she be arrested, cast into a jail, perhaps sent to prison for life for her flagrant disobedience of the Sherman, the Interstate commerce and other formidable-sounding laws? But Jack assured her that he would look after her legal rights. Only—otherwise all his efforts in her behalf would be null and void—he must first collect his fees. But as bad luck would have it, and Jack was collecting the aforesaid fees in spite of Nellie's slight resistance, the buggy swept out of the shadows into the glare of an electric light. There on the crosswalk, under the light, were three devoted and loyal members of the Bachelor Girls' trust.

The next meeting of the trust was the most stormy in the course of its existence. Nettie was denounced as a traitor to the cause and the trust. She was charged with rank disloyalty. In vain did she plead that she had simply been seeking legal advice for the benefit of the trust. The denunciations continued. At last Nettie lost her temper. Worms, if trampled upon, will turn; and if worms why not pretty girls? Nettie rose in her wrath and threw a bombshell into the meeting by announcing that Laura Hopkins, the president and founder of the trust, had set an example of disloyalty, that she had made up her quarrel with the man who had thought her as near perfect as a girl might be, that, so far from discouraging him, she had by her conduct helped confirm him in this belief. The faltering members of the trust turned to Laura in impatient expectance of an indignant denial from her lips. But alas, the blushes and embarrassment of Laura proved that the president and founder of the Abbeyville Bachelor Girls' trust had set the example of disloyalty.

With treachery within and temptation without the trust was plainly doomed to failure. Nothing was left except to formally disband. No resolution of censure was upon Nettie. Instead she left the meeting in triumph, arm in arm with the late president. The young men of Abbeyville, however, warned by the danger which they had so narrowly escaped by the downfall of the trust, were discreet in their triumph and individually and collectively tried to prove that the need for such an offensive and defensive alliance had passed. The result was that none of the fair founders of the trust seemed to regret its untimely end. And Nettie was least of all regretful.

"When you put up your office sign," she said, shyly, to Jack, "it ought to read: 'Jack Wilson, Attorney and Trust Breaker.'"

But Jack modestly demurred taking all the credit.

"I was only a humble instrument," he said, softly, trying to look into Nettie's eyes. "The really responsible party was an old and determined enemy of bachelor girls' trusts—a little fellow by the name of Cupid."

JAPANESE ROYAL WEDDING.

Marriage of Crown Prince of the Flowery Kingdom—Tokio Gay with Floral Arches.

The royal wedding of the crown prince of Japan, some four years ago, was celebrated with national rejoicing, writes Florence Eldridge in her article on "Yoshihito, Crown Prince of Japan," in Pearson's. The city of Tokio was transformed into a veritable fair ground with arches of flowers, festivals, numerous processions and congratulatory emblems. A new postage stamp was issued to commemorate the happy day. Thousands of people thronged the streets and gathered to see the imperial procession pass, standing respectfully with heads reverently bowed when the cortege appeared.

The costumes worn by the imperial bride and bridegroom during the ceremony were fashioned after the court dresses of centuries ago. The dress of the crown prince was a flowing robe of satin, with silken breeches seven feet in length, that trailed on the ground behind him as he walked, an outer coat of crepe, embroidered on sleeves, back and breast with his crest. With this he wore a cap of black, varnished material, bound by a fillet of gold, with a long streamer of stiff wire ribbon hanging from the back; this cap was kept in place by a light-colored silk cord which, passing once over the top of the head, was brought down and tied under the chin.

The Yankee Scored.

A London paper, speaking of the "American invasion," relates that an enterprising Yankee came over to England and decided to open a shop in Birmingham. He obtained premises next door to a man who also kept a shop of the same description, but was not very pushing in his business methods. The methods of the Yankee, however, caused the older trader to wake up, and, with the spirit of originality strong upon him, he affixed a notice over his shop with the words: "Established 50 years," painted in large letters. Next day the Yankee replied to this, with a notice over his own store to this effect: "Established yesterday; no old stock."

Proverb Defined.

When one meets the tipping problem face to face, says the New Orleans Times-Democrat, he understands what is meant by the saw: 'All things come to him who waits."

FROM HOME ACRES.

A sense of pureness in the air,
Of wholesome life in growing thing,
Trembling of blossom, blade and wing,
Perfume and beauty everywhere—
Skies, trees, the grass, the very team,
I love them all; this is our home.

Million on million years have sped
To frame green fields and bowering hills;
The mortal ice a moment fills
His span of earth, then is he dead;
This knows he well, yet doth he hold
His paradise like miser's gold.

I would be nobler than to clutch
My little world with gloating grasp;
Now, while I live, my hands unclasp,
Or let me hold it not so much
For my own joy as for the good
Of all the gentle brotherhood.

And as the seasons move in mirth
Of bloom and bird, of snow and leaf,
May my calm spirit rise from grief
In solace of the lovely earth;
And though the land lie dark or lit,
Let me but gather songs from it.
—R. W. Gilder, in the Atlantic.

A DANGEROUS FLIRTATION

By BRADFORD K. DANIELS

(Copyright, 1906, by Daily Story Pub. Co.)

JOHN DREW shut the stable door with a bang that made Bess, the gray mare, snort in her stall. "There they are again!" he growled, as he got a glimpse of a dainty form in white muslin through the shrubbery across the way, and heard a hearty masculine laugh. "They're playing croquet, and he's stepping round in his patent-leather shoes and high collar putting on all his fine airs, and she's comparing him to me. I saw her look at my shoes and then at his when I called for her Sunday, and she hinted that I'd better send my collars to the steam laundry instead of letting mother do 'em up."

Two hours later, John crossed the road in the gathering darkness, and started up the path to Mamie's home. "I used to like to call for Mamie, but now it's worse than pulling teeth, with that dandy looking at me as if I'd just come out of the ark," he said.

In a moment the sound of singing reached his ears, and he paused to listen. "Yes, they are singing together. She never would sing with me; said I couldn't keep in tune," he added, bitterly.

Going round to the window, John looked in. Mamie was seated at the organ, and Mr. de Pledge was standing beside her turning the music. Once he stooped so low to look at the sheet that John was sure Mamie's yellow curls touched his cheek. With an oath the jealous lover turned away and strode blindly across the flower beds and out to the road. Then he suddenly stopped as if possessed of a new idea. "He sha'n't have her, curse him! I'll teach him to come between me and Mamie." And he hurried off to his own house. In a few minutes he appeared at the back door with a saw under his arm, looked cautiously about, and then slipped along in the shadow of the fence till he disappeared among the maples in the direction of the reservoir.

"If you care to, you may take my easel and try another sketch this morning, Miss Payzant; I've got to run up to the city. You do wonders, considering how little I've shown you. I wish you'd try those gnarled old trees in the ravine below the reservoir; they are so picturesque."

"Oh, thank you, Mr. de Pledge. It's so kind of you! When do you think the light will be best?"

"This morning, I think. I've been working there myself every morning for a week, and I've found the light at its best about ten."

"Then I must hurry off, for it's after nine now." And Mamie bustled about and finished her morning's work, and was soon on her way to the ravine.

"Willow Gap," as the ravine was called, was a deep cut through a hill, made by the ceaseless wear of a brook which emptied into the river beyond. Willows with gnarled roots clutching at the stream flourished in this deep recess, which, since the two great reservoirs had been built above it for the town's supply of water, was almost dry through the summer months.

Mamie was hardly out of the house before Louis de Pledge, the young artist who had come up from New York in search of a few weeks' quiet in the country and was boarding with the Payzants, started for the railway station. Seeing that he was likely to miss his train if he went round by the road, he decided to take a short cut over the hill past the reservoirs. As he approached the upper reservoir he saw something flash in the sunlight at the end of the sluice; and, looking more closely, saw a hand gripping something bright disappear behind a projecting buttress. In a moment there was a crash, as the timbers which supported the massive gate of the sluice gave way; the water came through with a mad plunge, and at the same time John Drew leapt nimbly up to safety, the saw with which he had done the dastardly deed still in his hand. He wheeled suddenly round, and when his eyes rested upon the artist they seemed to start from their sockets.

"You here?" he asked in a husky voice. "I thought I saw your easel down in the ravine a minute ago."

"Very likely," replied de Pledge, eyeing the ruined sluice, through which the water was now thundering into the lower reservoir. "Miss Payzant took my easel a few minutes ago, and has gone to the ravine to do some sketching."

"I've cut the timbers in the lower sluice!" exclaimed John Drew, and dashed down the slope toward the ravine. He had not gone five rods before the weakened gate gave way, and with a deafening roar the water poured into the ravine.

For a moment Louis de Pledge stood in blank astonishment, thinking Drew mad. Then, as the horrible truth dawned upon him, he sped away after the retreating figure.

When the artist arrived at the ravine it was a seething mass of water which bore down everything before it. The willows were wrenched up by the roots and swept along in one mad jumble of swaying, snapping branches whitened with foam.

John Drew was running up and down the shore, waving his hands like a madman. "I've drowned her! I've drowned her!" he kept shouting. Then his eyes rested upon de Pledge. "It was you, you hound! that I meant to drown for trying to take my Mamie away from me." And, seizing the artist about the waist, he tossed him into the middle of the tumbling waters.

When Louis de Pledge opened his eyes he was lying on a sandy beach. His head throbbed so badly that at first he could not think; then, as he saw a twisted willow branch near him, it all came back to him. In the distance was the high ridge crowned with maples, where he had discovered John Drew at his insane deed. Getting up, he stretched his stiffened limbs, and, to his great surprise, found that he was not disabled. Evidently the mad rush of water had swept him out to this little island in the middle of the river.

Passing round a headland, he noticed a patch of white on the sand, and, hurrying forward, saw a dainty shoe protruding from under a white skirt. Hastily pulling away the debris which covered the body, he discovered Mamie Payzant, her hands still clutching the easel.

"The fiend! to murder an innocent girl," he exclaimed, taking her up tenderly. "If he isn't hanged, it won't be the fault of Louis de Pledge." And he carried his burden up to a grassy slope and was about to lay her down, when he thought that he saw one of the eyelids quiver. For the next hour he worked as he had never worked before, trying every device he had ever heard of for saving life under similar conditions, and at last Mamie sighed, opened her eyes, and said: "Why didn't you come, John?" and then closed them again.

"The inhuman wretch!" hissed de Pledge. "And she really loves him, I believe."

Presently Mamie opened her eyes again, and looked wonderingly about her. "Why, it's you, Mr. de Pledge?" she said, in astonishment, starting to her feet. "What am I doing here?" Then she looked at the dilapidated easel. "Oh, I remember now. The reservoir broke and I was carried away by the water. Oh, it was dreadful!"

For a moment Louis de Pledge looked at the pretty face with its tempting lips, and was half inclined to take the harmless flirtation of the past few weeks seriously, and tell her that he loved her; but the memory of a girl in New York who was trusting him and waiting for his return, brought him to his senses.

"They have seen us from the shore," he said, "and they are shoving off a boat." As they stood upon the beach waiting for deliverance, he noticed the end of a freshly sawn piece of timber lying at his feet, and at sight of it his anger at John Drew flamed up afresh. He was just about to denounce the man's cowardly deed to Mamie, when she exclaimed: "Oh, there's John in the boat, too!" And the next moment she blushed so prettily that he quietly shoved the tell-tale piece of timber adrift.

"Such a narrow escape!" he began, hurriedly, as the boat, propelled by John Drew and a neighbor, approached the shore. "The reservoir broke and washed us both out here. It's a thousand wonders we weren't crushed to death, not to speak of drowning. Here is Miss Payzant, Mr. Drew, all safe and sound. You ought to be entitled to a kiss after such a miraculous escape. Come, we'll all turn our backs."

For a moment John Drew gazed at the speaker in speechless wonder. Was he mocking him? Surely he meant to denounce him to the police as soon as they landed. Then an inkling of the truth penetrated his slow brain, and, climbing sheepishly out of the boat and blushing furiously, he took Mamie in his arms and kissed her.

"I think I must be going back to town this afternoon, Miss Payzant," said Louis de Pledge at breakfast the next morning. "I've spent a delightful month, and I shall always remember 'Willow Gap.'"

"I wish you could stay another week, Mr. de Pledge; because John and I would like to have you—for the best man," she added, looking him squarely in the eyes.

"I'm sure I feel highly flattered, Miss Payzant, and should be delighted; but I really can't stay another day. I sha'n't forget you, though."

And he didn't. For a beautiful oil painting of "Willow Gap," as it was before it was laid in ruins, now adorns the mantel of Mrs. John Drew's parlor.

Curious Tattooing Custom.

The Turkana tribesmen, of Africa, are said to have a curious system of tattooing by which one can tell the number of people a man has killed. When the body is covered with marks from the shoulder to the waist the warrior continues the record on the bodies of his wives.

Our People on Deck.

The American physician who has been decorated in Paris with the cross of the Legion of Honor only shows the stuff he is made of by winning it. Decorations don't count in this country, remarks the Pittsburg Dispatch, but if they did they would all come to Americans.

Shorter Route to Japan.

The new trans-Canadian route from Liverpool to Yokohama will be 2,200 miles shorter than that across the United States.

A CHAMPION TALKER.

"I claim the world's championship as the most rapid talker on earth, and as such am prepared to defend the title against all comers."

Thus speaks Lloyd Conway, of Baltimore. He would let rapidity of utterance, clearness of pronunciation and endurance decide the contest.

He is a clerk employed in the auditing department of a railroad company. He asserts his ability to speak correctly and understandably 55,000 words an hour, ten hours at a stretch, and to maintain this speed for ten consecutive days.

As a side statement Mr. Conway says that he has reached the speed of 65,040 words for one hour—a high-water mark of 1,084 words a minute, or 18 a second.

Mr. Conway says that nature has endowed him with an unparalleled faculty which has been cultivated to perfection by the duties that devolve upon the clerkship he holds, and he is not averse to placing his money, in any reasonable sum, upon himself, if there be anybody that thinks he or she—mother-in-laws not excluded—can defeat him.

Mr. Conway's duties in the railroad office are in the main to call off bank checks, payrolls, bills of lading and other documents that must be checked over by the auditor's clerks.

When this work was assigned to him he resolved, knowing that he possessed a strong voice, to make a specialty of the work. He has more than demonstrated that his remarkable gift has a practical side, for he does the work of three men, that is, he calls off three different sets of vouchers at a speed that keeps three expert clerks busy checking his calls. In seeking to make a specialty of his calling Mr. Conway kept in mind the need of absolute accuracy, and at the auditor's office his fellow clerks say that he will not average one error a month.

One night recently Mr. Conway gave an exhibition of his powers to a party of professional men, and the result of his performance was the issuance of his sweeping challenge.

Mr. Conway had taken from the office a large number of canceled pay checks, each one of which was written by a different hand.

It may be said in passing that Mr. Conway, besides reading the check, is expected to detect any error, and any bank teller will testify that the number of mistakes that may be made in the simple writing of a check is surprising. As an illustration of what Mr. Conway had to read in one check the following actual copy of one of the slips—containing an error—is presented:

"No. 66544. Wheeling, W. Va., June 5, 1903.

"Pay to the order of Antonio Francesco di Paull Forty-five and 68-100 Dollars: $45.63. James B. Morrison, Agent."

To call this check as demanded by the auditor of the road, omitting "pay to the order of" and making the amount read "forty-five sixty-eight," the reader must pronounce 31 words. The check is a fair average one.

This with 99 others was handed to Mr. Conway and he began to read. From a throat that swelled and receded with marvelous motion, the words came like bullets from a Maxim gun.

At first it was utterly impossible except to the three clerks from the railroad office, who were familiar with his work, to distinguish a word. By degrees, however, the ears of the novice listeners became attuned and before Mr. Conway had finished there were few in the room who could not follow him.

When he came to the check containing the error in cents, as shown above, Mr. Conway simply threw it aside to indicate that he had detected the mistake. His performance, including the handling of the checks, occupied exactly six minutes and seven seconds, or over 510 words a minute, or eight and one-half words a second.

One word more about this marvelous voice. Mr. Conway, who is a performer upon violin and organ, astonished his hearers by demonstrating that his voice had a range of just one note short of four octaves.

Seating himself at the organ, he struck the F below double C. Then like a subterranean rumble came from his chest a corresponding note. In succession he followed the notes past three octaves and then on up to E flat.

"There is no shorthand reporter that lives who could follow Mr. Conway," said James E. Wilkenson, court reporter and one of the most rapid stenographers in the country. "Frederick Ireland, reporter of the house of representatives, holds the record, I believe, of 223 words a minute.

"The average speed for court reporters is from 150 to 180 words a minute, but there are very few who can take 180 words a minute for ten minutes at a stretch.

"I once reported a speech of Senator-elect Isidor Rayner of one hour's uration. He average 165 words a minute. I got the speech, but the strain is one I will never endure again."

Legal Fees Marked Down.

Among the advantages of women as lawyers, according to Prof. Kirchwey, is that they will make law cheaper. The New World asks if we may expect bargain prices for breach of promise cases and suit marked down to correspond?

Must Now Get Under Cover.

The idea that sleeping out by haystacks in the dewy nights can be regarded as equivalent to a bath, remarks the Chicago Daily News, will come with the force of a painful shock to the members of the Wandering Willie fraternity.

Where Generals Are Plentiful.

The Japanese have a proverb which says: "It is easier to find a thousand recruits than one general." Evidently, says the Chicago Record-Herald, the Japs never heard of San Domingo.

FURNITURE.

Let simplicity be the keynote, by all means, provided you bear in mind that we moderns don't pay any more attention to the keynote in our furniture than in our music.

On the other hand, avoid furniture which is going to be too hard to dust. No man of true feeling will run the risk of getting himself disliked by his servants, just to please mere connoisseurs.

If the colors swear at each other, all the better. Drunkenness and gambling are already a part of our fashionable home life, and swearing is bound to come in.

Don't exclude light and air entirely. It is no longer true that everybody can have them, especially in New York.

You make a great mistake if you imagine furniture doesn't matter. Other things being equal, that family is likeliest to rise to social eminence whose furniture is the most hideous and useless and costly.

Glitter, gaucherie and glut, these three; but the greatest of these—Well, there's no telling. They are all very great, as we find them.—Puck.

Moments of History.

Cornwallis hesitated to surrender until he had made the proper terms. Calling the Father of this country aside, he put the case plainly.

"If," he said, "no arrangement is made so that in the future English lords can have any American girls they want for the mere asking, the country will go to the dogs."

Washington, patriotic to the core, could scarcely express his gratitude.

And when the papers had been signed, he said:

"Old man, I can't thank you enough! Newport and London are now one!"—Life.

In Eagle Eyes.

"Where's the bahbah?" asked the soft young chap from the east.

"I'm the barber, sonny," drawled the big man in the wide hat and red shirt.

"And do you know how to clip hair?"

"I should say so. Just stand about ten paces, and if I can't clip off every lock in 12 shots, I'll set up the licker."—Chicago Daily News.

Why He Suspected It.

"So," the editor remarked, looking up over his spectacles at the young man who had applied for the job of writing the paper's funny paragraphs, "you think you are a humorist, do you?"

"Yes, sir."

"Why?"

"Well, I always refer to him as 'Bill' Shakespeare."—Chicago Record-Herald.

Laws of Health.

Tramp—Thankee kindly, mum; I'd no hope of gettin' sich a fine supper today, mum. May heaven bless ye!

Housekeeper—As you've had a good supper, I think you might chop some wood.

"Yes, mum; but you know the old adage: 'After dinner rest awhile; after supper walk a mile.' I'll walk the mile first, mum."—N. Y. Weekly.

Wouldn't Suit the Furniture.

Doctor—No wonder you are sick. Open your blinds and let the sunshine into your room.

Fair Patient—Mercy! It wouldn't harmonize with this expensive furniture. Sunshine is disgustingly cheap.—N. Y. Weekly.

In the Car.

I saw her in the car to-day,
And she was sweet and passing fair;
She deigned just once to look my way
When we were in the car to-day—
I recognized her. That, I say,
Is why I, too, was passing fare.
I saw her in the car to-day,
And she was sweet and passing fair.
—Milwaukee Sentinel.

HAD GROWN.

"Ten years ago I was a poor boy!"

"Any change since?"

"Yes, I'm now a poor man!"—Jester.

Bravery Unappreciated.

Young Yeomanry Officer (airing his exploits in the late war)—And among other things, don't you know, I had a horse shot under me.

Fair Ignoramus—Poor thing! What was the matter with it?

A Friendly Offer.

"I always take a sleeper when I travel."

"Is that so? Well, you can have that one in my front office. He's no good here."—Baltimore American.

So Do Widows.

"Why do you think marriage has a tendency to drive men insane?"

"Widowers always remarry."—Houston Post.

BOSTON & MAINE RAILROAD—

EASTERN DIVISION

Winter Arrangement—In Effect Oct. 8, 1906

Trains Leave Portsmouth

For Boston—3.25, 6.30, 7.20, 8.15, 10.53 a. m., 2.21, 5.00, 6.22, 7.43 p. m. Sunday, 3.25, 8.00 a. m., 2.21, 5.00 p. m.

For Portland—9.55, 10.45 a. m., 2.55, *5.22, 8.45, 11.35 p. m. Sunday *9.55, 10.45 a. m., 8.45, 11.35 p. m.

For Wells Beach—9.55 a. m., 2.55, *5.22 p. m. Sunday, *9.55 a. m.

For Old Orchard—9.55 a. m., 2.55, *5.22 p. m. Sunday, *9.55 a. m.

For North Conway—9.55 a. m., 2.55 p. m.

For Somersworth—*4.50, *9.45, 9.55 a. m., 2.55, *5.22, 5.30 p. m.

For Rochester—*4.50, *9.45, 9.55 a. m., 2.50, 2.55, *5.22, 5.30 p. m.

For Dover—4.50, 9.45, 12.15 a. m., 2.50, 5.22, 8.47 p. m. Sunday, 9.55, 10.48 a. m., 8.47 p. m.

For North Hampton and Hampton—6.20, 7.20, 8.15, 10.53 a. m., 5.00 p. m. Sunday, 8.00 a. m., 5.00 p. m.

For Greenland—7.20, 8.15, 10.53 a. m., 5.00 p. m. Sunday, 8.00 a. m., 5.00 p. m.

Trains for Portsmouth

Leave Boston—7.30, 9.00, 10.10 a. m., 1.00, 3.20, 4.45, 6.00, 7.00, 10.00 p. m. Sunday 8.20, 9.00 a. m., 6.30, 7.00, 10.00 p. m.

Leave Portland—1.30, 9.00 a. m., 12.45, 5.00, 6.20 p. m. Sunday, 8.30 a. m., 12.45 p. m.

Leave Old Orchard—9.09 a. m., 12.48, *3.52 p. m. Sunday, 6.06 p. m.

Leave North Conway—7.38 a. m., 3.23 p. m.

Leave Rochester—7.20, 9.47 a. m., 3.52, 5.23 p. m.

Leave Somersworth—6.35, 7.33, 10.00, *10.08 a. m., 4.05, 5.35 p. m. Sunday, 7.15 a. m.

Leave Dover—6.50, 10.24 a. m., 1.40, 4.30, 6.30, 9.20 p. m. Sunday, 7.30 a. m., 9.20 p. m.

Leave Hampton—9.22, 11.50 a. m., 2.24, 4.59, 6.16, 7.26 p. m. Sunday, 10.06 a. m., 7.59 p. m.

Leave North Hampton—9.28, 11.56 a. m., 2.30, 5.05, 6.21, 7.31 p. m. Sunday, 10.12 a. m., 8.05 p. m.

Leave Greenland—9.35 a. m., 12.01, 2.36, 5.11, 6.27 p. m. Sunday, 10.18 a. m., 8.10 p. m.

SOUTHERN DIVISION

Portsmouth Branch

Trains leave the following stations for Manchester, Concord and intermediate stations:

Portsmouth—8.30 a. m., 12.40, 5.25 p. m.

Greenland Village—8.39 a. m., 12.48, 5.33 p. m.

Rockingham Junction—9.05 a. m., 1.02, 5.58 p. m.

Epping—9.20 a. m., 1.16, 6.14 p. m.

Raymond—9.31 a. m., 1.27, 6.25 p. m.

Returning leave,

Concord—7.46, 10.25 a. m., 3.30 p. m.

Manchester—8.32, 11.10 a. m., 4.20 p. m.

Raymond—9.08, 11.48 a. m., 5.02 p. m.

Epping—9.20 a. m., 12.00 m., 5.15 p. m.

Rockingham Junction—9.47 a. m., 12.16, 5.55p . m.

Greenland Village—10.01 a. m., 12.28, 6.08 p. m.

Trains connect at Rockingham Junction for Exeter, Haverhill, Lawrence and Boston. Trains connect at Manchester and Concord for Plymouth, Woodsville, Lancaster, St. Johnsbury, Newport, Vt., Montreal and the west.

*Via Dover and Western Division.

Information Given, Through Tickets Sold and Baggage Checked to all Points in the United States and Canada.

D. J. FLANDERS, P. T. M.
C. M. BURT, G. P. A.

Actual increase 2,456,581 for twelve months ending Dec 31st. 1906. This is the record of the

7-20-4

10c Cigar

Thirty-two years New England's Favorite.

R. G. SULLIVAN, Mfr
Manchester, N. H.

ATLANTIC SHORE LINE RY.

(Western Division)

In effect Sept. 17, 1906. Subject to change without notice. Unavoidable delays excepted.

Ferry leaves Portsmouth, connecting with cars:

For Eliot, Dover and South Berwick—6.55 a. m., and hourly until 9.55 p. m. Sundays—First trip at 7.55 a. m.

For Kittery and Kittery Point—6.25, 6.55 a. m., and half hourly until 10.55 p. m. Sundays—First trip at 7.55 a. m.

For York Village, York Harbor and York Beach, via P. K. & Y. Div.—6.55 a. m., and every two hours until 4.55 p. m. Sundays—First trip at 8.55 a. m.

For York Village, York Harbor and York Beach, via Eliot and Rosemary—7.55 a. m., and every two hours until 9.55 p. m. Sundays—First trip at 7.55 a. m.

Cars leave Dover:

For York Beach—8.05 a. m., and every two hours until 10.05 p. m. Sundays—First trip at 8.05 a. m.

For Portsmouth, Eliot and Kittery—6.05 a. m., and hourly until 10.05 p. m. Sundays—First trip at 8.05 a. m.

For Salmon Falls Bridge, South Berwick—6.30 a. m., and hourly until 10.30 p. m. Sundays—First trip at 8.30 a. m.

Leave Salmon Falls Bridge, South Berwick:

For Dover, Eliot and Portsmouth—6.00 a. m., and hourly until 10.00 p. m. Sundays—First trip at 8.00 a. m.

For York—8.00 a. m., and every two hours until 10.00 p. m. Sundays—First trip at 8.00 a. m.

Leave York Beach:

For Dover and Salmon Falls Bridge, South Berwick—7.30, 9.30 a. m., and every two hours until 9.30 p. m. Sundays—First trip at 9.30 a. m.

For Portsmouth, via P. K. & Y. Div.—5.45, 6.30, 8.30 a. m., and every two hours until 4.30 p. m. Sundays—First trip at 8.30 a. m.

For Portsmouth, via Rosemary and Eliot—7.30, 9.30 a. m., and every two hours until 9.30 p. m. Sundays—First trip at 9.30 a. m.

Leave Sea Point:

For Portsmouth—6.00 a. m., and half hourly until 10.30 p. m. Sundays—First trip at 7.30 a. m.

Leave Rosemary Cottage:

For Portsmouth and Kittery—6.00, 6.30, 7.30 a. m., and hourly until 10.30 p. m. Sundays—First trip at 8.30 a. m.

Close connections can be made between Dover and York Beach via Eliot, Kittery and Kittery Point.

W. G. MELOON, Gen. Mgr.

Tel. Call—41-2 Portsmouth.

U. S. NAVY YARD FERRY TIME TABLE

October 1 Until March 31

Leaves Navy Yard—8.20, 8.40, 9.15, 10.00, 10.20, 11.15, 11.45 a. m.; 1.35, 2.00, 3.00, 4.00, 4.35, 5.00, 1.50, *7.45 p. m. Sundays, 10.00, 10.15 a. m.; 12.15, 12.35 p. m. Holidays, 9.30, 10.35, 11.30 a. m.

Leaves Portsmouth—8.30, 8.50, 9.30, 10.15, 11.00, 11.30 a. m.; 12.15, 1.45, 2.30, 3.30, 4.23, 4.45, 5.30, 6.00, *10.00 p. m. Sundays, 10.07 a. m.; 12.05, 12.25, 12.45 p. m. Holidays, 10.00, 11.00 a. m.; 12.00 m.

*Wednesdays and Saturdays.

C. P. REES,
Captain, U. S. N. Captain of the Yard.
Approved: W. W. MEAD,
Rear Admiral U. S. N., Commandant.

S. G.

LONDRES

10 Cent Cigar

Has No Equal.

S. GRYZMISH,

MANUFACTURER

Cemetery Lots

CARED FOR AND TURFING DONE.

With increased facilities, the subscriber is again prepared to take charge of and keep in order such lots in any of the cemeteries of the city as may be intrusted to his care. He will also give careful attention to the turfing and grading of them also to the cleaning of monuments and headstones, and the removal of bodies. In addition to work at the cemeteries he will do turfing and grading in the city at short notice.

Cemetery lots for sale; the Loam and Turf. Orders left at his residence, corner of Richards Avenue and South Street, or by mail, or with Oliver W. Ham, 31 Market Street, will receive prompt attention.

M. J. GRIFFIN.

PORTSMOUTH ELECTRIC RAILWAY

Winter Arrangement—In Effect Monday, Sept. 17, 1906

Subject to change and correction without notice.

Main Line—Outward

Leave Portsmouth (Market Square) for North Hampton *6.15 a. m. For Lang's Corner, Cable Road, Rye Beach, Little Boars Head and North Beach (E. H. & A. Junction) at *7.05 a. m., and hourly until 9.05 p. m. For Cable Road only at **5.30 a. m., *6.45 a. m., ||10.05 p. m. Sunday only, for North Hampton, 7.35 a. m. Sunday only, for Sagamore Hill, 10.05 a. m. On Theatre Nights ||10.05 p. m. car waits until close of performance. Cars leaving 10.05 a. m., 1.05 p. m., 3.05, 4.05, 5.05, 7.05, 8.05 and 9.05 p. m. make connection for North Hampton.

Main Line—Inward

Leave North Beach (E. H. & A. Junction) at *8.05 a. m., and hourly until 10.05 p. m. Leave Cable Road **6.10 a. m., *7.30 a. m. and *10.40 p. m. Sunday only, leave Sagamore Hill for Market Square at 10.23 a. m.

Plains Loop

Via Middle Street and Via Islington Street—Leave Market Square at **6.35 a. m., **7.05 a. m., and half hourly until *10.35 p. m. and x11.05 p. m. Via Middle Street only at 10.35 p. m. Sundays.

Last cars each night run to car barn only.

Christian Shore Loop

Via Islington Street and Via Market Street—Leave Market Square at **6.35 a. m., **7.05 a. m., and half hourly until *10.35 p. m. and x11.05 p. m.

Running time from Market Square to B. & M. Station via Islington street, 16 minutes; via Market street, 4 minutes. Last cars each night run to car barn only.

North Hampton Line—Weekdays

Leave Cable Road 7.00 a. m., 8.00, 9.00, 10.30, 11.30 a. m., 3.00 p. m., 5.45, 7.05 p. m., connecting with 7.41 a. m., 8.30, 11.19, a. m., 2.35 and 5.12 p. m. trains for Boston.

Leave North Hampton Station for Little Boars Head, Rye Beach and Cable Road at 7.30 a. m., 8.30, 9.30, xx11.00 a. m., 2.30 p. m., xx5.05 and 6.25 p. m., connecting with 9.28 a. m., 11.55 a. m., 2.30 p. m., 5.05 and 6.21 trains from Boston.

Leave North Hampton Station for Little Boars Head only xx11.55 a. m., xx1.00 p. m., 2.00, 3.40, xx4.00, 4.32, 7.35, xx8.00, xx9.00 and xx10.00 p. m. Car leaving North Hampton, 4.32 p. m. connects at Little Boars Head for Rye Beach and Cable Road until October 7, 1906.

Leave Little Boars Head for North Hampton Station at 12.50 p. m., 1.50, 2.10, 3.50, 4.20, 4.50, 7.50, 8.50 and 9.50 p. m.

Sundays

Leave Little Boars Head at 8.50 a. m. and hourly until 9.50 p. m.

Returning—Leave North Hampton Station for Little Boars Head only 9.03 a. m., and hourly until 10.00 p. m. All trips on Sundays connect with Main Line cars at Little Boars Head.

*Omitted Sundays.

**Omitted Holidays.

||Runs to Little Boars Head Saturdays only.

xSaturdays only.

xxMake close connections for Portsmouth.

City Office: Room 5 Congress Block, Portsmouth. Telephone, 233.

WINSLOW T. PERKINS, Supt.
C. M. BURT, Gen'l Pass. Agt.

PORTSMOUTH AND EXETER ELECTRIC RAILROAD TIME TABLE

Cars leave Exeter, Boston and Maine station, for Portsmouth—5.45, 7.45, *8.45, 9.45, 11.45 a. m., 1.45, 3.45, 5.45, 6.45, 7.45, 9.45, *11.45 p. m. Cars leave Market square, Portsmouth, connecting with cars at Portsmouth Plains for Exeter—6.35, 7.35, 8.35, 10.35 a. m., 12.35, 2.35, 4.35, 5.05, 6.35, 8.35, 10.35 p. m. Sunday cars start two hours later and run the same as on week days except the 7.35 a. m., and 5.05 p. m. trips, which are cancelled for that day.

*To Stratham only.

FOR TEN YEARS

We have been engaged in the Monument, Granite and Marble Business in the neighboring city of Dover, and later in Rochester, N. H., and Waterville, Me. During this time we have set considerable monumental work in Portsmouth and surrounding towns. Now that we have located in Portsmouth, we shall endeavor to build up the same large volume of trade here that we have at our other shops, by the same business principles, viz.: High Grade Work at Reasonable Prices.

Call and inspect our stock. We are now quoting special prices.

FRED C. SMALLEY,
Marble and Granite Dealer, Successor to Thos. G. Lester,
NO. 2 WATER STREET.

WITH THE SAGES.

Everything good costs self-denial.—Geikie.

A face that cannot smile is never good.—Martial.

To learn obeying is the fundamental art of governing.—Carlyle.

The highest virtue of all is victory over ourselves.—Smiles.

Perseverance accomplishes more than precipitation.—Saadi.

Let him that would move the world first move himself.—Socrates.

To be proud of learning is the greatest ignorance.—Bishop Taylor.

Nothing great was ever achieved without enthusiasm.—Emerson.

By persistent labor man may attain to all excellence.—Demosthenes.

Solitude can be delightful only to the innocent.—Marie Leszinski.

Real greatness has nothing to do with a man's sphere.—Channing.

Man's great fault is that he has so many small ones.—J. P. Richter.

Endeavor to do thy duty and thou will know thy capacity.—Goethe.

I would rather be beaten in right, than succeed in wrong.—Garfield.

The intellect is perfected not by knowledge, but by activity.—Aristotle.

He that waits to do a great deal at once will never do any.—Dr. Johnson.

The school of difficulty is the best school and moral discipline.—Smiles

The art of life is to know how to enjoy little and endure much.—Hazlitt.

To become saints we must not cease to be men and women.—F. W. Robertson.

CHURCH AND CLERGY.

Allan Sankey, son of the famous singing revivalist, is following his father's footsteps as a composer, and some of his hymns are popular in New England revival meetings.

The American Baptist Missionary union opened last year with a debt of $143,000. Eight months of the fiscal year ended Dec. 1, and donations had fallen off $6,000 and legacies $17,000

There are, altogether, foreign and native, 25,799 persons that are actively engaged in bringing the gospel to India, while ten years ago there were only 16,189—a gain of nearly 60 per cent.

The Rev. A. S. Carrier, D. D., who occupies the chair of Hebrew and cognate languages in McCormick seminary, has returned from an absence of eight months, during which he took a trip through the Holy Land, and has resumed his class work.

Corea is probably more responsive to missionary effort than any oriental country. A Methodist missionary writes: "It is my honest conviction that had we the proper missionary force Corea would be a Christian nation in five or ten years."

Bishop Earl Cranston, one of the representatives of the board of the Methodist Episcopal church at the forthcoming general conference of the new Japan Methodist church, has been designated as a representative of the board of foreign missions to the China centenary conference at Shanghai.

LITTLE TRAILERS.

Kind words come less readily than do those of condemnation.

To have and to hold is not always an evidence of good policy.

It is a mistake to pin faith on speculation or roseate promises.

The smile that is honest goes a long way toward securing forgiveness.

Success may mean disaster when viewed as a purely personal achievement.

There is a way of telling a story which gives it the semblance of credibility.

A blunt way of stating a fact has been known to arouse an unjust suspicion.

The policy that is based on fair dealing can't help producing satisfactory results.

REFLECTIONS.

The man who is frozen to death dies hard.

There is no close season for hunters of trouble.

"My record speaks for me," observes the phonograph.

It is easier to say you are as young as you feel than to look it.

You can't relieve a case of water on the brain with a tap on the head.

The best way for an old maid to keep a birthday is to keep it quiet.—Boston Transcript.

THE INSTINCT OF DEATH.

Much Proof That This Sense Has Been Planted in Man.

The most convincing fact in proof of the existence in man of an instinct of natural death seems to me that reported by Toxarsky in relation to an old woman. In the lifetime of Toxarsky, I begged an acquaintance of his to obtain for me the details of this most interesting case, of which I had found but an incomplete statement. Toxarsky unfortunately could add nothing to what he had published in his article. I believe, however, that I have found the source from which his instance had been taken. In his book upon the physiology of taste, which had its day of celebrity, Brillat-Savarin relates the following: "I had a great aunt, 93 years old, who was dying. Although for some time confined to her bed, she had retained all her faculties, and her condition was only betrayed by her loss of appetite and the weakening of her voice. She had always shown a fondness for me, and I was near her bed, affectionately ready to wait on her, which did not prevent my watching her with the philosophical eye I have ever had for the things and events surrounding me. 'Are you there, nephew?' she asked, in a scarcely audible voice. 'Yes, aunt; I am here at your service, and I think you would do well to take a little good old wine.' 'Give, mon ami; one can always swallow liquid.' I hastened; raising her gently, I made her take half a glass of my best wine. She brightened for a moment, and looking at me with eyes which had once been very fine, 'Thank you,' she said, 'for this last favor; if ever you reach my age, you will find that death becomes a need, just like sleep.' These were her last words; half an hour later she had fallen asleep forever. We unmistakably have here an instance of the instinct of natural death. The instinct was shown at a relatively early age, in a person who had retained all her intellectual faculties."—Elie Metchnikoff in Harper's.

KNEW WHAT MONKS WERE.

But Unfortunately Henry's Knowledge Embarrassed His Teacher.

At one time, while teaching school in Goshen, I had been telling the children all about the monks of St. Bernard, and flattered myself that I had made quite an impression, says a writer in the Boston Herald. The next day, the school visitor being present, I took the opportunity of showing the children off, and attempted to get them to tell the story of the previous day, but to my horror they displayed the profoundest ignorance of the subject.

I tried vainly to give them hints by judicious questioning, but it was not until in desperation I said: "It was about monks, you know. I'm sure you all know what monks are," that I saw a flash of intelligence on one face, while one small arm waved frantically.

"Well, Henry, you tell us what monks are," I said.

"Them little things that runs along stone walls," was the prompt reply.

Silas Ormsby's Solution.

A few years ago a party of seafaring men were standing near Tucker's wharf, in Marblehead, Mass., looking admiringly at a new schooner that had that morning entered the harbor. Her tall masts were as smooth as glass, and her rigging and spotless deck looked inviting.

A young sailor named Ben Longsby was in the group, and had been looking with envious eyes at the trim craft. Presently up strolled old Silas Ormsby, the town's oracle and sheriff, and took a seat on a water cask.

Ben turned around to old Silas and said: "Now see here, Silas, what is the reason, I'd like to know, they all speak of a ship as she?"

Silas cocked his eye, rubbed his chin, and casting a quick glance at the trim vessel, replied: "I suspect, Ben, it's because it costs so much to rig her."

One Playmate for Him.

"Mamma, can't I go up to the next block and play with the Jones boys?" asked Henry, a boy of six, who was being brought up very carefully.

"No, indeed!" answered his mother. "They are very bad boys."

"Then can't I go over to see Mrs. Smith's little girls?"

"No, Henry; I'm afraid to let you go."

The little fellow left the room; later he stuck his head inside with, "Say, mamma, I'm going over next door an' play with the dog."—Woman's Home Companion.

Musicians Black-Ball Strauss.

Like Wagner, Humpendinck and Joachim before him, Richard Strauss, composer of "Salome," and many other noted works, has been rejected as a member of the senate of the Berlin Academy of Arts, an institution corresponding to the French academy. All the sculptors, painters and other artists voted in his favor. The musicians alone black-balled him.

Reasons for Total Abstinence.

Young John D. Rockefeller told his young men' bible class the other evening that he believed in total abstinence for two reasons. First, because both his father and mother were strictly temperate; secondly, his mature judgment was that, while there might be no harm in one glass, that one glass might lead to another. Therefore, one glass was too many.

COOKING BY ALARM CLOCK.

St. Louis Housekeeper Makes a Discovery of Great Value.

A housekeeper of this city has a great idea. As everybody knows, different kinds of victuals require different times for cooking, and one of the bothers of a housekeeper's life is to remember when she puts on the different things and when they ought to come off. This woman has an alarm clock, and after she puts on dinner she sets her alarm for 20 minutes later, and when it goes off it tells her the rice is done.

She takes off the rice, winds up her alarm and sets it for 25 minutes, when it announces that the peas are ready. The process is repeated and 15 minutes later the alarm clock tells her and the neighbors that the turkey ought to come out of the oven. As housekeepers like to have everything done at once and the whole meal fresh from the stove, it also suggests when to put on as well as to take off things, so as to have all ready at the same time, says the St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Some of her friends insinuate that it would be easier to remember to put on and take off her victuals at the proper time than to spend half an hour a day winding up an alarm clock, but she says that after setting her apparatus she can run upstairs and make up a bed or go out to the fence and talk with a friend without feeling the slightest uneasiness while the clock is on duty, and, besides, she thinks there are a great many unprogressive people in the world who do not appreciate a brand-new idea when they see it.

AND THE FRAUD WAS THERE.

Lecturer Really Was Doubly True to the Promise Made.

"Show me a man who thinks he has a bad cold, gentlemen," exclaimed the stranger who had secured the town hall for a free illustrated lecture, "and I'll show you a fraud!"

Instantly sixty-three men in the audience rose up.

"There's your fraud, gentlemen!" said the lecturer, throwing a picture of the celebrated Cardiff Giant on the screen.

"And now, my friends," he continued, "while you are looking at this monumental example, my assistant will go through the audience with small samples of my celebrated Vegetable Prescription for the Cure of all Coughs and Colds, which I guarantee—remember, ladies and gentlemen, I absolutely guarantee—to cure each and every case, or your money will be cheerfully refunded. Small samples five cents, to assist in paying for the rent of this hall. Larger bottles, 25 cents. After I have sold $25 worth of this wonderful remedy, ladies and gentlemen, we will have the moving pictures of the San Francisco earthquake."

A Romance of the North.

A reunion between husband and wife after a separation of more than 22 years was effected a few days ago when Michael Kobevitch, the proprietor of a roadhouse on Pilgrim river, was introduced to his wife, whom he had last seen in Prussia more than a score of years ago, says the Nome Gold Digger.

Mr. Kobevitch left Prussia at that time for the purpose of seeking his fortune in America, and she has patiently awaited his return ever since. They have corresponded all the time, and a year ago Mr. Kobevitch sold some property in the Kougarok district and sent for his wife with a portion of the proceeds.

Mrs. Kobevitch had changed so greatly since her husband had last seen her that it was necessary to introduce the couple to each other.

Work Is the Law of Life.

Activity is the law of life. Idleness is more wearing than work, and monotony kills more quickly than the healthful excitement of a busy life. One must be doing, and there is much to be done. Carlyle wrote: "Cast forth thy act, thy word, into the ever-living, ever-working universe; it is a seed grain that cannot die; unnoticed to-day, it will be found flourishing as a banyan grove after a thousand years." If you have nothing to do, it should be an easy matter to find plenty to do. Most of us, driven with work, do not have the privilege of doing what we would like to do, but are forced to like what we are forced to do.

Real Lover of Old Port.

To a famous English diner, who passed away not long ago, the drinking of old port was something of a sacrament. When he intended to give himself that pleasure he prepared for it during the whole of a day, nursing his palate and keeping it "pure and clean." His breakfast consisted of a little porridge and milk, his lunch of a very lean and tender chop, eaten with brown bread. He drank a single cup of tea in the afternoon. All this and a rigorous abstention from the use of tobacco during the whole of the day prepared him for the full enjoyment of his port at night.

Had to Do It.

"Mrs. Wattleson has won a prize of $250 for a magazine article on how to live comfortably on $1,000 a year."

"Yes; she was telling me a few days ago that she just had to do something to earn a little extra money, as it had become impossible for her and her husband to get along on his $75 a week."

CURE FOR GOAT DYSPEPSIA.

Bill Saunders Suggests a Little Ammonia in the Paint.

"Just as opium affects a Chinaman so does paint act on a goat, and that is the reason why among the scores of goat mascots in the United States navy to-day there is only ont that is healthy and fat," said Bill Saunders, a bluejacket of the battleship Ohio to friends who were admiring Buckeye, the vessel's little California goat mascot.

"The first thing a goat does after he gets aboard is to fill himself up with red paint, with a little white lead for dessert. The result is the total disruption of his digestion, and soon what had been a fat, frolicsome little kid becomes a morose, lean, and dyspeptic old goat. Loads of schemes have been tried by the boys to destroy William's appetite for paint, but they never hit it once till we did. What did we do? 'Well, seein' as it's you, I'll let you in on the secret.

"When Buckeye was transferred to us from the Chicago of the Pacific fleet, just before we leaves for Manila two years ago, we puts before him a bowl of red paint. But there was something in the mixture besides paint. We had poured half a glass of pure ammonia into the paint.

"The minute the goat saw that paint he went crazy with joy. With one bound, he was on it. Without waiting to inspect the mixture he stuck his nose into it, and then somethin' happened. That goat began to sneeze. For three hours he kept it up, and he never forgot the dose that caused it. From that day to this he has never tasted paint. Ammonia cured him, and that's why he's the only healthy goat in the navy."

HIS PRIDE WAS TOUCHED.

Faddist Could Not Bear Thought That Others Should Think Him Poor.

A New York uptown man made up his mind that he would not wear an overcoat one winter for health's sake, says the Sun. He sent his despised but comfortable last winter's coat to his wife's brother in Connecticut. Then a letter and an express package from the New England village went far toward making him understand how the world at large viewed his hygienic principles.

"I am returning by express," his sister-in-law wrote, "the overcoat which you so kindly sent to Bob. We feel that it is barefaced robbery to keep it. Two of our neighbors were in New York last week and they saw you out in the coldest weather wearing a little sack coat and actually running to keep warm. Ever since they told Bob that, he has felt like a thief. We appreciate the generous spirit that prompted you to rob yourself to help us, but this is too great a sacrifice. We cannot accept it, therefore we return the coat."

The uptown man honored that letter with a fit of profound meditation. "Well, I'll swear," he said. "They seem to think I can't afford an overcoat."

"Of course," returned his wife. "That is what everybody thinks."

Then the man bought two overcoats.

Satisfied Sense a Duty.

Although the Australian aborigine has his vendetta it is not always revenge that he seeks. Darwin tells of a native servant of a West Australian magistrate who went one day to his master, saying that one of his wives had died. He must go away, therefore, to a distant tribe and spear a woman to satisfy his sense of duty to the dead woman. "If you do, I'll send you to prison for life," said his master. For a year the man hung about, looking wretched and ill and complaining that he could neither eat nor sleep, as the spirit of his wife haunted him because he had not taken another life for hers. At last he disappeared. A year later he returned in high condition. There was no legal evidence against him, but it was known that he had gone to a distant tribe, had speared a woman to death and, so, as he thought, appeased the spirit of his departed wife.

The Boy for a Cold.

Bishop Olmsted, of Colorado, was making a Christmas address to some Denver children.

"Eat heartily on Christmas day," the bishop said, smiling. "Do full justice to the turkey, to cranberry sauce, to plum pudding, to all the good things.

"But don't give way to gluttony. Don't gloat over your Christmas dainties like a Bala boy I know.

"This boy said one Christmas morning:

"'My, I wish I had a cold!'

"'Why?' asked his brother.

"'Cause mother says to feed a cold, and if I had one to-day, wouldn't I feed it, though!'"

An Optimist.

Hawker—"I'm going to take a vacation now for two weeks."

Walker—"Is that so? Isn't it queer that your employer should let you go now, just at the busiest season of the year?"

Hawker—"O, well, they've got another man in my place. They told me I needn't come back."

A Warm One.

Eskimo Suitor—"Yes my love, I have ten sleds, 50 dogs, 100 tons of blubber and—"

Pa Eskimo—"Aurora, tell that young man to stop letting off so much hot air. I'm afraid he'll melt the house."—Puck.

THE HERALD.

MINIATURE ALMANAC

MARCH 4

SUN RISES	6:16	MOON RISES	10:34 P. M.
SUN SETS	5:37	FULL SEA	02:00 A. M.
LENGTH OF DAY	11:21		02:30 P. M.

Last Quarter, March 7th, 3h. 42m., morning, E.
New Moon, March 14th, 1h. 5m., morning, E.
First Quarter, March 21st, 8h. 10m., evening, W.
Full Moon, March 29th, 2h. 44m., evening, E.

NOTICE TO SUBSCRIBERS

Should you fail to receive your Herald regularly communicate with the office at once either by telephone, No. 37, or by messenger. We intend to give careful attention to our delivery system. Subscribers can pay bills monthly at the office or to the collector.

F. W. HARTFORD,
Treasurer.

CITY BRIEFS

Less than a month of Lent.

March has brought one thaw.

The tenth week of the legislative session.

The crocuses are likely to be late this year.

Portsmouth has a probate session this week.

The April magazine has made its appearance.

The moon will reach its last quarter on March 7.

Portsmouth used to elect its city officers in March.

Great Bay smelts are by no means plentiful just now.

The street railway men have been having their troubles.

Chauncey Olcott is to be seen at Music Hall this season.

Have your shoes repaired by John Mott, 34 Congress street.

Kittery has fared well in the way of Annapolis appointments.

There will be more arguments on the bill to abolish Fast day.

The coal now on the way to this port cannot arrive any too soon.

March brought the biggest snow storms of the Winter last year.

The oldest inhabitant is puzzling his brain to think of a more severe Winter.

"Piff, Paff, Pouf" at Music Hall this evening will be one of the finest musical comedies of the season.

The High School boys are wondering if the snow will be off the ground in time for their first baseball game.

The semi-annual installation of the officers of Olivet Commandery, Knights of Malta, will be held on Tuesday evening.

George H. Broadhurst, whose farces have many times delighted Portsmouth audiences, is now writing serious plays.

THE POOL SCORES

Standing of the Players in the State Tournament

Following are the scores in the state pool tournament at Mowe's parlors:

	Won	Lost	Pct.
Mowe	5	0	1000
Kershaw	3	2	.600
Lynsky	3	2	.600
Chestnut	2	2	.500
Clark	3	3	.500
Churchill	1	3	.250
Lamprey	0	5	.000

LENTEN SERVICES AT CHRIST CHURCH

There will be a Lenten service at Christ Church at five o'clock this (Monday) afternoon. The Woman's Auxiliary will meet at the rectory at half-past seven this evening and the Men's Society at the Parish House at eight o'clock. There will be Holy Eucharist with hymns at half-past ten o'clock on Tuesday forenoon.

Says Uncle Sam, "To keep up to date
We must every day grow wiser;"
But the wisest 'It' I've seen of late,
Is the Electric Advertiser.
All use the sunlight's daily gift,
But when Sol's quit this sky Sir,
The man with every sort of thrift
Calls on the Electric 'Tiser.
The reason is not far to seek,—
And now I'll tell you why Sir—
Why works all day, by night must eke
Out time your stock to spy Sir."

ROCKINGHAM COUNTY LIGHT & POWER CO.

LIKE OLD TIMES

Familiar Scenes Reenacted In Police Court

SAME OLD TALES OF WOE ARE HEARD

Offenders Of Varying Kinds Face The Local Tribunal

FIRST BUSY SESSION SINCE BEGINNING OF THE YEAR

It looked like old times in police court today (Monday). It was a warm seance and not since the advent of the new year has there been such a volume of business.

The regular attendants had begun to think that the department of municipal justice had gone out of business, but today the overflow came and once more filled the galleries.

There was a premium on standing room. All the people connected with the cases were busy as bees up to nearly noon.

Some Punching Took Place on Green Street

George N. Freeman, William Lawson and Charles L. Jellnech were charged with an assault on Richard Roberts. They all pleaded not guilty. Roberts said they all had a punch at him in a railroad shanty and that one of the party, a sailor, had him on the floor. However, he could identify only one of the men who gave him the gentle taps. John Flynn, the flagman at the crossing, testified to what he saw but could identify only one of the party, Roberts himself.

Officers Burke and Shaw testified to the chase they had and the arrest of the men. The court ordered fines of $5.00 and costs of $8.44 for the trouble they made for Roberts, themselves and the police.

Gay Day for Scutters

Joseph Brown, Fred Berry and William Randall drank to the health of Prince Hehy Scratchy from the kegs of the Portsmouth Brewing Company in the railroad yard on Sunday afternoon and instead of observing the Sabbath in sobriety, they became "stewed" on returned beer and were brought in by the police during the afternoon.

They pleadeed guilty and waited for the result. Randall realized that the sun would soon be shining on both sides of the street and tried to soften the heart of the court. He begged the Judge to let him stay in town and celebrate the opening day of the season with the Burdock Club. There was nothing doing for "Rap," however, except ninety days at the farm, with costs of $6.13. His brother scutters, Brown and Berry, shared his fate.

One Lucky Drunk

Thomas J. O'Donnell, who claims he belongs in New York, was charged with being drunk on Market street. Tommy said he was guilty and asked to be heard. The court said, "Go ahead" and Tommy let loose. He claimed that he had learned a lesson and that the hall of justice was a strange place to him. He said that he would soon leave Portsmouth and never come back, if the court would let him go. The court had to shut him off, as nobody else could get a word in anywhere. "I will look into your case," said the Judge and later O'Donnell was released.

Hogan Claimed the Booze

John Barrett was called upon to answer to the charge of keeping liquor for sale without the necessary certificate from the license board. He waived the reading of the writ and pleaded not guilty through his attorney, John W. Kelley. Officers Burke and Shaw told of the search on Sunday afternoon and the finding of beer and whiskey in a room of Barrett's residence.

Barrett, in his own behalf, testified that the room in which the liquor was found was a private room, that he rented it to Mrs. Sadie Graves and that she paid him the rent for it. "I told the police that it was a private room and that I did not allow anybody in there but boarders," he said, "but they insisted on going in and finally Mrs. Graves opened the door."

On cross examination by Solicitor Corey, Barrett said Hogan claimed the booze, in fact all the booze in the house belonged to Hogan and his friends. It came some time on Saturday, but Barrett did not know the hour of delivery. The court found probable cause and held the respondent in $200 bonds for the April term of superior court.

The identity of Hogan remained something of a mystery.

The Same for Sadie

Mrs. Sadie Graves, who unlocked the door for the police, who took away samples of aromatic, alcoholic cordial, was charged with keeping liquor for sale without a license. She waived the reading of the writ and pleaded not guilty. The court ordered her to recognize in the sum of $200 for a hearing before the grand jury next month.

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CLAIM NOT ALLOWED

House Will Not Give New Hampshire Sum Of $15,000

New Hampshire will not receive the sum of $15,000 for the land at New Castle, ceded to the national government in 1791, after all. The Senate passed a bill giving this state that amount, but the House will not allow it.

Chairman Miller of the House committee on claims made this statement Sunday night. So far as this session of Congress is concerned, therefore, New Hampshire's bill against the government is disapproved.

The original bill of Senator Gallinger gave the state $30,000, but the Senate committee on claims reduced the amount one-half. Hon. Frank W. Hackett, agent for New Hampshire, tried to have the Gallinger bill made a rider to the sundry civil bill, but failed. He expressed a willingness to accept the sum of $15,000, but the House refused to give even that amount.

There the matter rests for the present.

ON THE ROOF

Two Men Who Fled as Soon as They Were Seen

About nine o'clock on Sunday evening, a noise on the roof of the residence of Harry Wendell on Hill street attracted the attention of the occupants of the house, who on investigating discovered two men on the roof of the adjoining building.

On being discovered they jumped to the ground and fled. The police were notified, but could get no clew as to the direction taken by the men as no description could be given of them.

OPINIONS OF THE PEOPLE

Should Have Fire Escapes

To the Editor of The Herald:—An article in another paper says the writer has discovered that there is no flagstaff on or about the new High School building on which to fly the Stars and Stripes. Did he also notice that there are no fire escapes on the building or, in fact, on any of our school buildings. Fire escapes would be of the utmost importance in case of fire. At a recent fire in a Montreal school building, sixteen lives were lost. The children were not burned, but smothered to death, because of the lack of fire escapes. It is hoped that the present Legislature will settle the fire escape matter and that a proper law will be passed.

OLD FIREMAN.

Portsmouth, March 4.

OBSEQUIES

The funeral of Lizzie S. Sanford was held at one o'clock this (Monday) afternoon from her late home on Maplewood avenue, Rev. Mr. Brown of Eliot officiating. Interment was in Central cemetery, Rye, Undertaker H. W. Nickerson in charge.

The body of John E. Holland was sent to Dover for funeral services today (Monday) by Undertaker Nickerson.

PERSONALS

William Frost of Noble's Island is seriously ill.

Mrs. C. Fred Duncan is passing the day in Boston.

J. Edward Pickering made a business trip to Manchester today.

Miss Addie Hughes has returned from an extended vacation, passed in Brooklyn.

Rev. George W. Farmer conducted services at the Home for Aged Women on Sunday.

Walter Wyman of the New England Paper Goods Company pased Sunday in Boston.

Capt. F. E. H. Marden has resumed his duties at the police station after an absence enforced by illness.

Mrs. Daniel Cogan of Lynn, Mass., who has been passing two weeks with her mother here, returned home on Sunday.

Declan Dwyer of the United Shoe Machinery Company of Beverly, Mass., passed Sunday at his home in this city.

Conductor Thompson and Brakeman Ward of the Boston and Maine yard switching crew were in Portland on Sunday.

Frank Amee, who has been passing two weeks with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Nathan Amee, returned to Salem, Mass., on Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Cuddy of Fitchburg, Mass., were the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Lester Thompson of Maplewood avenue on Sunday.

Rear Admiral P. F. Harrington, U. S. N., formerly captain of Portsmouth navy yard, is the author of an interesting article, "Jamestown, a Militant Holiday," in the March number of the Eclectic Magazine. An excellent portrait of Admiral Harrington accompanies the article.

OBITUARY

John Edwin Holland

The death occurred on Sunday evening at 6.55 o'clock at the Cottage Hospital of John Edwin Holland, aged thirty-seven years, following an operation performed at noon for intestinal obstruction.

Mr. Holland was the son of the late John and Alice Holland, his father being long agent of the Cocheco Manufacturing Company.

He was finely educated as a draftsman. For years he was government inspector at Fort Constitution and the local harbor ports.

For a time he did newspaper work and for the past few years has been government inspector at the Portsmouth navy yard.

He was a member of the P. A. C. and of the masonic lodge in Dover.

Mr. Holland was born in Taunton, Mass. His body will be taken to Dover for funeral services and burial will be in Taunton.

Three sisters and one brother, all residents of Philadelphia, survive.

Mrs. Mary A. Meloon

Mrs. Mary A. Meloon, widow of Henry A. Meloon, died on Saturday evening at her home on South Mill street, aged seventey-seven years. Two daughters, Mrs. Fred P. Folsom and Mrs. Mary J. Morton, both of this city, survive.

Alice B. Robbins

Alice B. Robbins, infant and only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Leon Robbins, died at the family home, 18 Wibird street, Sunday night, aged four months, four days.

ANTI-PASS QUESTION

A Likelihood That It May Be Settled Tomorrow

That the anti-pass agitation in the New Hampshire Legislature will be settled in all probability next Tuesday or Wednesday is admitted by an excellent authority in state politics.

It is said the Senate will amend the Lord bill on Tuesday to make it conform to the Massachusetts anti-pass law.

COUNCILMEN MEET

And Discuss Candidates For New Tax Assessing Board

The city council met Saturday night to try to name the men for the new board of assessors.

There were a dozen or more names presented, but only a few received any votes. Two men were informally agreed upon, rumor says, but no agreement whatever could be reached on a third man.

The men who appeared to be strongest on the list were one from Ward One and one from Ward Two. It is understood that an attempt was made to make the vote formal on these two candidates, but the majority ruled against such action. The council will meet at six o'clock tonight and try to name the men for the places. After that is done, if it is done, other rountine business will be transacted.

DAY OF CONSECRATION

Bishop Guertin Definitely Names Tuesday, March 19

Bishop George A. Guertin of the Diocese of Manchester has definitely announced Tuesday, March 19, as the date of his consecration. The day chosen is that especially dedicated to the patron saint of the Manchester cathedral.

A special dispensation for the consecration has been received from the Pope.

Rt. Rev. Diomede Falconio, apostolic delegate, who consecrated the late Bishop Delany, will be the consecrating prelate.

On Wednesday, Bishop Guertin will enter upon his retreat at St. John's Seminary, Brighton, Mass., in preparation for his consecration.

Beware of colds this month.

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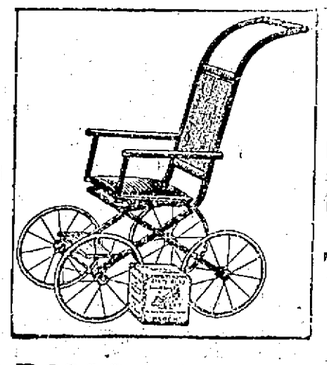
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